

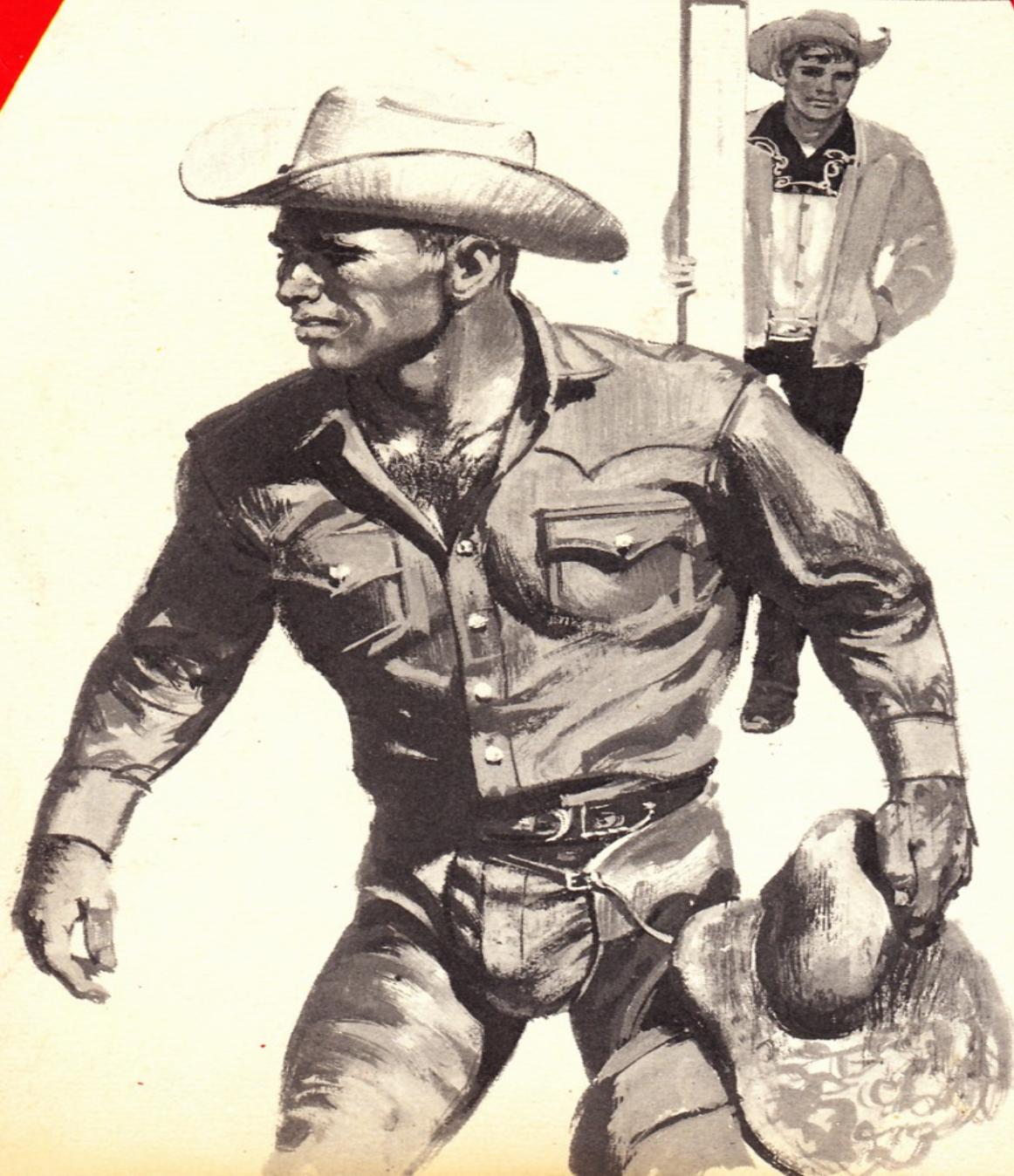
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COCKSHY

BY AARON THOMAS

RODEO



ADULT READING | Gay Novel | GN409

Somehow I allowed myself to relax. **It's for Danny, it's for Danny**, I screamed to myself wildly, terrified, as I felt him shove his cock up my ass. I screamed out with a pain I had never known before, had never considered possible. Gradually, it became better. I stopped thinking about my discomfort and concentrated on Danny, on the way it must feel to him, being buried balls-deep in my ass. I was giving him this pleasure. I was doing this for him because he was my friend, because I loved him.

Come on, you goddamn fag, suck my cock!"

The burly man was grabbing my head, pushing my face down into his crotch, trying to degrade me, make me ashamed of what I was. He had picked me up in a bar, then, when we were alone, had shown his disgust for my homosexuality.

A brief scuffle, then I was safely out of there. A long time ago I had resolved never again to be degraded or abused. A long time ago...

Oreville is a little ranching town in southern Arizona, a dusty, isolated, and somewhat backward community. It stands out on the prairie as lonesomely as an old frontier town, with its narrow Main Street of false-fronted shops and frequently unpaved intersecting sidestreets lined with flat-roofed Spanish-style houses or grotesque gingerbread structures from another era. The main highway bypasses the town and few tourists ever find their way into the city limits.

Because I grew up there, it took me a long time to realize that my hometown was not the center of the universe. It took me a long time to see Oreville, Arizona, for what it was: a dull, frustrated, narrow little world clinging with the most brazen hypocrisy to anachronistic values and mores; a town of seven thousand people stranded out in the middle of nowhere for varying reasons, parched and withered by the perpetual heat, dust, and lonesomeness.

Although time has blurred many memories and I cannot recall for certain the chronological succession of many of the events of my early childhood, I believe that I was in the third grade when I met Danny Sullivan, the boy who was to become my best friend for many years. I had seen him on the playground and I knew that he was quite a big wheel among his peer group. He was taller and stronger than all of the boys in the third grade, and I'm afraid that he had a reputation for being something of a bully on the playground. We got into a fight during one afternoon recess and slugged it out on the playground. We were apprehended by a teacher,

taken to the principal, our bleeding noses attended to, and promptly paddled. After that, we were simply together. He began coming home with me after school, and I with him.

I remember the fifth grade more clearly than any other year of elementary school, although it has only been recently that I've come to understand why that year remains so vivid in my memory. By that time Danny and I had become inseparable and we were joyously, childishly preoccupied with one another. But I had also developed, not totally without fear and embarrassment, an interest in something outside the sphere of mine or Danny's experience: sex. I do not think I was precocious—I believe my early interest was simply the result of coincidence. One afternoon I stole a book from my teen-age sister's bedroom because I knew that my mother was perturbed by the fact that Dorothy was reading such a book. It was *Peyton Place*, the thick black paperback that everybody was reading back then, and I was curious to know what all the fuss was about. I read the entire book in one night; I was stunned, fascinated, horrified, and tremulous with excitement. Much of it I did not understand (sex was never discussed in our house), but what was clear to me had such a tremendous impact that I could not bring myself to return it to my sister Dorothy's bedroom. One night when Danny was staying over we lay in bed together with the night-light on and read the book together, or parts of it, and I was surprised that Danny seemed to know a little more about the sexual act than I did—even though what he knew was largely the result of having seen livestock breed and we both doubted that it was quite the same thing. We had a lot of fun that night, though. I remember laughing so loudly that we had to cover our faces less we awaken Dorothy in the adjoining room, and how we fought over the book, grabbing and wrestling, until we ripped several pages. And I remember that we both got hard-ons—much to Danny's amusement and my embarrassment. When I questioned him about why our cocks had gotten so stiff and big and all, Danny only laughed and mashed mine down with his hand. "I don't know why," he said, "but it happens to me all the time." Underneath the covers, our little erections were sticking up like two tentpoles through our underwear and we didn't even know what to do about it—but I shivered all over at how good Danny's hand had felt pressing down on it.

That year, I had more freedom to do as I pleased than ever before. My parents had little time to concern themselves with me, for my sister Dorothy

had become an increasing problem, requiring all their attention. She was in love—whatever that meant, it was a nebulous word to me back then—and my mother lived in constant fear that she was going to elope before finishing high school. She was a junior and very popular, a blonde beauty, and the boy she dated had become like a fifth addition to our household. He was around night and day and my sister looked at him with undisguised worship. Jim had graduated from high school the year before, a football hero, and he was working for his father, who owned an auto-garage west of town, in order to save money to attend the University of Arizona the following year. He was big and handsome with a smile that was all perfect white teeth, and he had a large, fine head attached to monumental shoulders by a thick, muscle-corded neck. He always wore T-shirts in order to show off his strong, thick-veined arms—and, of course, there was the inevitable flat-top, the last and perhaps most integral symbol of his all-Americanism. I liked him because he treated me with ingratiating courtesy, unlike my sister who found me merely a nuisance, and I was aware that Jim wanted me to like him and to think of him as a big brother for the sake of establishing himself with my parents as an inevitability. Flattered by his attention, I eagerly took his side.

There was another important person in my life that year, a person more important than I could have ever suspected at the naive age of eleven. He was a stranger named Troy—I never knew his last name. He was in high school, which made him the same as an adult to us grade-school kids, and he was one of the local toughs. He drove a noisy, souped-up '54 Chevy and wore a black leather jacket, low-slung jeans, and a duck-tail. He was the idol of all the fifth-and sixth-grade boys, not only because he was emphatically tough, like James Dean and Marion Brando, but because he was also—at least to us kids—very nice. He was handsome in the style and tradition he attempted to imitate. He was dark, perhaps part Mexican, with jet-black hair and black penetrating eyes and a slack, sensual mouth that seemed molded and formed upon his face for the express purpose of bad-lipping teachers and other symbols of authority.

The entire school system shared the same lunch cafeteria, only at different times, and Troy always walked from the lunch room back over to the high school during one of the fifth-grade recesses. He had a bunch of buddies that dressed and looked like him and every afternoon we waited eagerly to watch them make their cocky, arrogant walk across our ball-field

playground. Troy always stopped and joined in our games for a few minutes because he knew we all idolized him. Somehow I became one of the kids whose name he remembered, and once he had begun to call me "Paul" rather than merely "kid", like most of the others, I developed an undeniable crush on him, an infatuation of such intensity that I actually began to lie in my bed at night and wish that I could be him, or at least be part of his gang.

Although I did not consciously associate my childish crush on Troy with sexual feelings, I continued to be stimulated by my secret fantasies of the naked body and what I thought of as people "playing with one another," like in my sister's book, and sometimes I would take the novel out and read through it and imagine the men characters looking just like my high-school idol. I thought that it was all somewhat naughty, perhaps even sinful, but I could not repress these thoughts. Sometimes I would attempt to discuss the matter with Danny, but to Danny everything was a joke, nothing was interesting unless it was funny, and I could plainly sense that he wasn't very interested in such grownup subjects as sex and having babies and what the hardening of the penis signified. And his lack of interest made me suspect even more than ever that my curiosity was something of which I should be ashamed, something dirty and nasty, and that I was probably the only little boy in town (thus in the world) who wondered about such things—which made it all scary—which made it therefore more exciting.

But life went on and I was too full of energy, too preoccupied with childish pursuits, too busy and too happy to ponder any major complexities.

Summer came, a long, lingering, sun-scorched southwestern summer. Childhood summers are among the most pleasant memories of my life, and even that perhaps disastrous summer between the fifth and sixth grades is recalled, maybe perversely, with great fondness now.

It started out all wrong. Danny left to go visit an aunt and uncle for six weeks in the mountains of Colorado. Since he was my only true friend, and I had been looking forward with unbearable excitement to all the fun we would have once school let out, I felt resentment toward him for leaving me. I felt betrayed and let down, as if he had owed it to me to stay in town for the summer. I sulked around the house for the first week or so, then I became restless and stirred by the magic awareness of my freedom and I began to go out and have fun without Danny.

My favorite pastime was to go to the swimming pool. It was a public pool at the city park downtown, the only body of water in our area until you

reached the Rio Grande on the border, and swimming never became routine or dull, despite the fact that I went almost every single day.

There was a system, an unspoken tradition at the Oreville Public Pool. Swimmers were more or less segregated into areas of space by their age group. There was no rule about it; it had just come to be that way over the years. The little kids stayed down in the shallow water, those my age and through junior-high remained in the five-to ten-feet deep water, and the high school and older crowd occupied the far end, the deep water, where the high diving boards stood. Kids seldom ventured out of their allotted areas, for the high-school people teased you and made fun of you if you invaded their domain. They embarrassed you right back into your place.

I came to be the only youngster who was accepted in the far end of the pool by the high-school crowd, which might explain why I never tired of going swimming every day. It was an exhilarating triumph for me.

Troy brought it all about—and he brought about a lot more too, I now realize. I often saw him cavorting on the diving board with his friends or lying on beach towels on the patio which surrounded the pool. I did not resent his refusal to acknowledge me (after all, his high-school friends were always there with him), but often I would cling to the rope which stretched horizontally across the pool and designated the descent into very deep water and watch him as he talked and laughed and smoked cigarettes under the sun—always surrounded by pretty, flirtatious high-school girls, a few of whom I recognized as friends of my sister. And one afternoon I ventured past the rope a way, breast-stroking my way stealthily into forbidden territory, and he called out to me.

“Hey, Paul!” he shouted from his sitting position up above on the concrete.

At first it frightened me. I thought he was going to ridicule me in some way or another. But when I looked, paddling with my arms and feet to remain afloat, he was grinning broadly and in a friendly manner—white teeth against his handsome, sun-blackened face—and tremors of childish and unfathomable excitement surged up inside me. I waved at him, and noted the pretty girls on the bright-colored towels around him.

“Wanna go to the concession stand for me?” he asked.

I nodded, elated by the prospect of pleasing him, doing something for him. From the water I watched as he reached under his towel and brought out a glittering silver coin; he flipped it through the air towards me and I

brought up both arms to intercept the coin. For a moment I was afraid I would drop it, or fail to catch it, and they would laugh at me—but then, abruptly, it was in my hands, clasped securely, and I was grinning up at the sun.

“Get me a Coke,” Troy called out, “and get yourself whatever you want.”

I swam over to the other side of the pool, pulled myself out upon the concrete embankment, and rushed for the concession stand. And from that moment on, although I did not know it at the time, I suppose I was in love with him.

I did not see him for about a week. Then one afternoon this happened: I was walking down the sidewalk towards the pool, my towel and swim suit under my arms, quarter entrance fee in my pocket along with my allowance, when the loud-muffled hot rod pulled up at the corner beside me. Troy was behind the steering wheel, a faintly mocking, one-sided smile playing on his lips as he motioned with his head for me to get in.

I hopped into the front seat beside him.

“Going to the pool?” he asked me as he shifted gears—an impressive feat in my eyes.

“Yeah,” I nodded.

“Me too,” he said, and we drove noisily down the street.

The dressing room at the swimming pool had about twenty little cubicles for those who had not worn their trunks to change in. The locker rooms provided the modest a place to undress in privacy and also served the purpose of keeping valuables such as wallets, watches, money, etc. safe from local thieves. There was an extra quarter charge for one of the lockers and consequently I never used them. If I did not wear my suit to the pool, I simply discarded my clothing on the long bench in the dressing room and took my insignificant amount of change out onto the patio with me, concealing it beneath my towel.

I stood in the line beside Troy, waiting to pay the admittance fee to the pool, hoping somebody I knew would come and see me with him. Now and then as we waited he would reach down with one arm and give the back of my neck an amiable, big-brotherly squeeze. The touch meant a great deal more to me than he knew. Finally we got up to the counter, paid, and Troy ordered a key to a locker. Together we turned to the right, to the dressing room marked Men, and as we entered the dark, damp room, I was aware of

the clicking sound of the taps on the soles of his shoes—and he slung his arm around me and said, “You can use my locker to put your clothes in if you want to.”

Together we went inside one of the wooden cubicles, and Troy closed the swinging door. I quickly flung off my shirt and jeans—my swim suit was underneath, like underwear—and then I leaned back against the wooden-plank wall waiting for Troy.

It is the first recollection I have of being consciously aroused by the physical presence and proximity of another’s body. My eyes, wide with wonder, fastened upon the tall, lanky young man—in my mind, an adult, and an idol—as he pulled off his shirt and hung it up, revealing a dark wide chest with a thin trickle of black hair swirling around his nipples and running in a thin stream down to his navel. He kicked off his loafers and then unbuckled the leather belt—I remember that it had his name printed on the back of it in big ink letters, according to the fad of the time. He pulled off the faded bluejeans and hung them up beside his shirt. I was intrigued by the thickness and power of his legs, and by the way they were covered with tiny black hairs. I must have been staring pretty hard, because when he pulled off his underwear his eyes went directly to mine and a puzzled expression wrinkled his dark bushy brows. He stood totally naked before me, almost pressed against me due to the smallness of the cubicle, and he raised both hands to his head, giving me a view of his muscular arms and the curious hair of his armpits, as he brushed his black hair from his forehead back to form the duck-tail. My eyes riveted to the area between his legs, to his cock, the likes of which I had never seen before but had always wondered about, and I stared in fascination and uncontrollable fear as it bobbed out toward me, dark and sausage-shaped and lightly veined. What intrigued me the most was the way it was surrounded by whorls of curly black hair, the same hair which ran down his chest and to his navel in a thin line, becoming a brush around his sex.

His words startled me. “What are you staring at?” he laughed.

My eyes met his. I blushed and winced, looked away. Chuckling deep in his throat, he reached down with one hand and flicked the tip of his organ, and I looked back, watched with horrified fascination as his prick bobbed up and down and seemed to expand a little in both length and width, and I wondered what kind of monstrosity his cock would be if it ever swelled up and got big the way mine did whenever I read my sister’s book—already it

was about twice the size of my own prick when at its hardest. Troy, still laughing, said, "Haven't you ever seen a man's cock before?"

It was the first time I'd ever heard the word "cock" applied to the male sex organ. Danny and I had always called it our "thing" or a "peter". I continued staring at him as he stepped into a white jock-strap which covered everything up except for some of the curly black hairs which protruded from the edges of the elastic. Grinning down at me, Troy rubbed the bulging crotch with one hand and explained, "This is to keep it all in, just in case some pretty broad walks by and your cock tries to jump out."

Vaguely, I understood what he meant. I was simultaneously embarrassed and excited, but I wanted him to say more, I wanted him to keep rubbing his cock. And I wanted to run as fast as my legs would carry me. Troy pulled his swim suit up over his legs then. It was a black, tight-fitting suit that went snugly over the jock-strap, revealing only a suggestion of the bulge underneath. "All set?" he asked me. I nodded and we left the cubicle.

Throughout the summer, he was my friend. Whenever he saw me walking towards town he stopped and gave me a ride—to the picture-show, to the swimming pool, to the Dairy Queen, anywhere. Sometimes friends were with him, boys and girls smoking cigarettes and talking about matters which I did not understand, but they were all very nice to me and seemed to regard me as something of a mascot, or a little brother. And whenever I went swimming they called for me to come into the deep water with them. Troy liked to play with me in the water, and I must admit that I lived entirely for the pleasure. Sometimes he and another boy would toss me through the air to one another, and often Troy rode me on his shoulders above the water. I can remember vividly those afternoons—how he would pull me against him in the water, preparatory to lifting me up to either toss me or put me on his shoulders, how for a few moments my face could be pressed against his chest and my knees would rub against the soft, resilient mound of his crotch in the tight black bikini suit. Sometimes, with tremulous bravery, I would deliberately exert pressure with my knee into the bulge and he would grin and give me a sly look and press his prick hard into my knee for one quick second before raising me high into the air with his strong and exceedingly long arms.

One hot summer afternoon, he reached up and brought me down from his shoulders and I slithered across his front, our bodies wet and slippery,

and for a few minutes I clung with both arms to his neck and shoulders. For all appearances, he was holding me up the way a father or older brother would carry a child through the water, but underneath, my stomach was pressed against his stomach and my legs were between his legs, my knee in the area of his crotch. Our faces, very close together, almost brushed by accident—and for those minutes he looked directly into my eyes and smiled warmly at me in a drowsy, languid, heavy-lidded way. It was not the smile the people around us assumed it to be, I am positive of that. It was not a totally platonic, brotherly affection which passed between us. The child-adult relationship on that one certain afternoon, that intolerably blistering, sun-relentless, head-scorching childhood-summer afternoon, was but a disguise for something else, a brief lost moment of something which neither of us could identify or understand.

Toward the end of the summer he moved with his family to Phoenix or Tucson, I'm not sure which. I never saw him again.

And there was another moment of awareness back in those early years, a moment of unprecedented consequence.

It is funny, thinking back now on it, how one simple, coincidental moment—a moment of no intrinsic dramatic quality in itself—could have left such an indelible impression on my mind. Funny, how even at an innocent age I could have known, or at least sensed, that the moment had been a dangerous intrusion into the course of my life, could know through instinct that a new and dangerous channel had been opened up for my speculation and—eventually, inevitably—my exploration.

That moment occurred one night in early September; And Jim Andrews, my sister's boy friend, was the unwitting object of my initiation.

I was supposed to have gone to the show that night. The entire family was going out, even Mom and Dad. They were going to a dance at the Veterans of Foreign Wars Club out on the Yuma highway. And Jim and Dorothy were having their last date together before Jim went off to college. Dorothy had been walking around with a lost, rueful look for weeks and bursting into tears at the slightest provocation, for she would not be seeing Jim Andrews again until Thanksgiving holidays. I kidded her a lot over it—I was as cruel as any little brother was supposed to be—and my parents spent most of their time consoling her and being furtively relieved that Jim was going away and leaving Dorothy to finish her senior year.

Everyone was downstairs in the living room. It was early. Mom and Dorothy were talking, and Jim and Dad were having a beer together and talking about college and football. Dorothy and Jim were as anxious to get away as I was. They were going swimming. The public pool, on this last day of the season, was open from seven until midnight. After midnight, it would be closed until the following summer.

The telephone rang. It was Danny, whom I was supposed to meet at the picture-show within an hour. He said that his parents didn't want to drive him in to town tonight and he would meet me the following night, okay? Disappointed, I agreed, deciding to stay home for the evening.

I went upstairs to my bedroom and began to read. I was halfway through 20,000 Leagues Under the Sea, and I was really pretty excited by it. I had been reading for about half an hour when I was interrupted. The door opened, Jim came in.

I understood immediately. He was simply going to use my room to change into his swim trunks. Certainly, there was nothing unusual about that. And yet there was something unusual about it all, something almost special—for at the awareness of his presence in my room, at the simple proximity of our bodies as he came forward, grinning, and sat on the edge of the bed, I felt my throat go oddly dry, and I was aware of a racing sensation all through my body. It was a sensation I'd almost forgotten that I had discovered once before.

Jim was amiable, as always, asking me what I was reading, shrugging his massive shoulders, laughing that he'd seen the movie version. I could not speak, could only stare at him as he sat with his back to me, so close that had I moved one outstretched leg, we would have been touching.

He was wearing a nice, pearl-button western shirt with his Levi's and best boots. The snaps of the western shirt popped as he jerked them open. My eyes remained glued to his body. His back was turned to me as he finished undressing, so I saw him mostly from behind. And I could not tear my eyes away—I didn't know why, I couldn't think then, the world was forgotten—I stared, mesmerized by the strength, the hugeness of his shoulders and his expansive backside. His back reminded me of the pictures of European statues a teacher had once put upon our bulletin board at school. His spine was supple and deep, running down into flat, solid hips, which in turn flowed smoothly into the long, muscular legs, thighs as big around as my torso, slender, graceful ankles.

I had a fleeting glimpse of his cock as he turned around and reached for his jock-strap and swim suit. For one hypnotic, terrified second I saw a limp, loose-hanging appendage swing out with the motion of his legs—and what I glimpsed, I felt certain later, when the moment was over and recorded only in my memory, was of entirely too enormous proportions to have been real. I was certain that in my funny, dazed state of mind, I had magnified what I'd seen.

I continued to watch the sinuous body as it turned away once again and Jim stepped into his swim trunks—the huge, deep-veined arms spreading the elastic waistbands, the impeccable back leaning over to allow the legs to

step into the suit, leaning in such a way that the taut, lean ass was turned upward toward my face. His ass was slightly hairy, I noted, as were the backs of his thighs and his legs, although his powerful chest was as smooth as a sun-glazed stone.

Then it was done, he was turning back to face me. Quickly, I buried my face in the book. My hands, holding the edges of the cover, were trembling. I hoped he did not notice.

But Jim was not very observant. He spoke a little while in a friendly, perfunctory way, and then, taking his clothes and his towel, he left the room, forgetting to close the door behind him.

I got up and closed the door myself. I suddenly needed privacy. As I returned to my bed, I was breathing hard and felt strangely aware of my body. I lay on my back staring up at the ceiling. When I slipped my hand down inside my bluejeans, I found that my cock was as stiff as a rock; the touch of my hand against my hard flesh was so thrilling that it made me ache all over. Waves of an excruciatingly tingling sensation rushed through my body, from my stiff prick down to the tips of my toes.

So many thoughts and questions were rushing through my mind that I felt dizzy. Something inside me wanted to cry, something else wanted to celebrate. And in some strange way I was envious, covetous, perhaps of my sister. Yet I hoped Jim and Dorothy would get married because I wanted Jim to always be around our house, a part of my world. In some ways, Jim made me think of Troy, which made me sad...

Then I grew frightened. A swift, sharp foresight of something at once impalpable and unavoidable flashed through my mind... something of doom or near doom, a feeling of helplessness at perceiving myself as having the potential for abuse and degradation, for I knew suddenly that Jim Andrews had a strange power over me. He could make me feel this strong, painful way toward him. Surely it was wrong, surely he would never feel in such a way toward me, and, most alarming, how would he react if he knew this, knew that he had walked indifferently from my bedroom and left me quivering and aching with desire? My newly discovered lust had to be something shameful, and somehow even more shameful to the object of that lust, a grown man who could never possibly reciprocate it.

In my own childish, uninformed way I sensed these complexities. Most of all, I guess I merely sensed the impending danger—a threat, something ominous. Perhaps I even sensed my inability to prevent it.

In the summer of 1958, Danny and I both turned thirteen years old. The prospect of becoming teen-agers was exciting to us both. Although neither of us thought of ourselves as being much different, or older, it was mutually understood that for mysteriously complicated reasons people would now begin taking us more seriously. Teachers genuinely feared us, parents regarded us with cautious suspicion, and we could get by with a lot more things under the pretense of going through a "stage". Anxiously we awaited the beginning of school, for we would go across the street to the two-story junior-high building. We were anxious to be mean and truculent and to give all our teachers a rough time. It was already apparent that Danny was going to be very popular, for he had grown almost to the stature of a high-school boy. He was tall, broad-shouldered, and well formed, in contrast to many of our contemporaries whose limbs had grown in disregard to proportion. Too, he was going to be quarterback for the seventh-grade football team, and playing sports in Oreville was equated with respectability. As for myself—I looked pretty much the same, except that I was more conscious of my appearance. I only stood to Danny's shoulders, but I had a naturally lithe, adequate physique, the result of years of playful exercise—and the fact that I was Danny's best friend didn't hurt my image any, for sure.

I was very much alone the first part of the summer. Dorothy and Jim got married in the Methodist Church right after Dorothy's graduation from high school and they went to Flagstaff for their honeymoon.

Danny had gone to spend June and July with his relatives in Colorado again. I was aware of the difference in my attitude toward him, the change the year had wrought, for I was in no way resentful of his leaving. In fact, I was happy for him, glad that he was having such a good time despite the fact that I was a bit lonely and missed him.

But finally he came home. We met out at the skating rink the night he arrived back in Oreville. Danny had grown even more in the two months he'd been gone. He was muscular and agile and his broad, simple, even-featured face was brown from the sun, a bit freckled across the nose. His

wide-apart tan eyes were almost the same color as his skin, and his hair had grown longer, a little shaggy and unkempt. He radiated vitality and energy, and I felt good just being with him, knowing he was my best friend and that we shared a whole world together.

We cavorted at the skating rink until around midnight. A freshman boy who had his dad's pickup and who lived on a farm about a mile down from Danny's offered to drive us to the country. He had some beer in the pickup and he offered it to us. We accepted—our first time to drink—and he talked all the way about all the girls he had screwed, trying to impress us. Before he dropped us off, he told us to go ahead and take two beers with us if we wanted to.

The dirt road leading up to the farmhouse was about half a mile long, and we walked indolently, carelessly, often stopping to dip our heads into the icy water of the irrigation ditch which ran alongside the road. Danny contemplated aloud whether or not his friend really had screwed all the girls he'd boasted about. I shrugged, having no idea.

When we approached the farmhouse we decided not to go inside. We wanted to drink the beer to see if it made us feel any better and we knew we couldn't do it inside the house—besides, we wanted to talk and laugh, not sleep. So we went into the barn.

We climbed up into the rafters and sat on the loose hay, leaning back against the high-stacked bales.

"I think this crap would taste a lot better if it was cold," Danny said of the bottle of beer we'd opened.

"It sure makes you feel good, though," I laughed. It didn't take us long to finish it off, then we sat silently and stared at one another, waiting with patient curiosity to see what the effect of the alcohol was to be.

Presently Danny laughed. With one hand he brushed a strand of brown, sun-bleached hair from his forehead and said, "Man, I feel great!"

We began giggling then, and we lay side by side on our backs in the crisp yellow hay, staring up through an open patch in the ceiling at the purplish, star-sprayed Arizona sky.

Stretching his limbs, yawning, Danny put one arm underneath my head and around my shoulder. We had often slept this way as children, but that night I was intently aware that we were not children anymore, that the warmth which emanated from his body was a different kind of warmth.

"Gosh," Danny sighed, "it's great to be home. It sure was great in Colorado though."

We lay in silence for what seemed a long time. I wondered if Danny had drifted off to sleep, but I was afraid to move or make a noise because I did not want him to shift his position. Then I realized that he had not been asleep at all, for he turned to say something to me. Our heads were so close together that when he turned in my direction his nose and chin pressed against the side of my face. He asked me, "Do you ever... you know... play around with yourself or anything?"

I blushed and was grateful for the darkness. "You mean like beating off and all?" I said, sensing a mounting, pulsating stimulation trickling through my stomach and into my groin at the very mention of my secret activity.

"Yeah," Danny nodded, "do you ever do that?"

"I've done it a few times," I confessed.

Silence ensued. I almost laughed—and I could feel Danny against me getting ready to laugh. Laughter was such a natural, expected thing between us. Somehow I knew, however, that if either of us laughed this time then the strange, thick, breathless tension which was growing in the air around us would vanish, that something exciting (I wasn't sure what) would be ruined, would no longer exist.

Danny must have sensed this too in his own way, for I felt him restraining his impulse to giggle and then he asked, "Have you ever done it with anyone?"

"No," I said, "have you?"

"Yeah," he said. "A cousin of mine in Colorado used to spend the night with me and sometimes we'd jack off. He's fourteen."

"Oh." My throat felt parched, dry. My head was spinning. Obviously the whole world was being created right here all around me, the true world was beginning inside my body. All that I had seen and done and known for the past thirteen years had been but an illusion, non-reality.

Matter-of-factly, almost scientifically, Danny explained, "My cousin had a lot of hair on his body... like around his peter. He shaves every day, too. Do you have any hair yet?"

"A little," I said, and I could, by this time, literally hear my heart pounding.

"I have quite a bit," Danny said, still casual and conversational. He sat up on one elbow then, looked down into my face, and he grinned hugely.

“You wanna see?” he asked me.

I tried to be curious but aloof. “Yeah,” I nodded.

Danny flopped himself over on his back and, raising his hips slightly, began unbuckling his belt and pulling at the buttons on his Levi’s. “Let’s play around a little,” he said.

I began unloosening my own bluejeans. Following Danny’s example, I pushed them down around my knees. Danny resumed his position on one elbow, looking down at me, and his cock jutted out from between his legs. I turned towards him, looked at him. I was surprised to see how much larger his cock was than mine, both in length and thickness, and how it was encircled with dark-brown hair. His balls, draping out beneath onto one thigh, were extremely wide and round, and they too were covered with tiny sprouting brown hairs. The head of his cock was arrow-shaped, thick and pointed.

He grinned down at me, noticing my interest. “Why don’t you touch it?” he said.

I looked up at him. His eyes, friendly and warm, reassured me. He took my hand and placed it on his cock. “Go ahead,” he said, “it’s just a peter... it won’t bite. Make it get hard.” Leaning comfortably, at ease, he watched me with detached curiosity as, my hands trembling, I groped his sex and explored between his legs. The moment I touched him, the moment I felt the soft, hot flesh of his cock in my hands, I had an erection. He moaned a little when I cupped his balls and began to roll them back and forth between my hands, and then he reached over and gripped my hard flesh and began to stroke it very lightly, in a way that made me quiver and hurt and shiver with goose-bumps all over. I gripped his cock ever so much harder and began to really feel it up, to caress it as lovingly as if it were my own. It hardened in my hand. Stiffening, his cock pointed like a big spear towards me. I began to jerk his hard prick up and down as Danny clenched his eyes shut. A murmur of pleasure escaped his lips. My eyes wandered upward to his face. I wanted to look at his handsome brown face while I played with his cock, and with my free hand I outlined his features—the bushy brows, the straight, wide-nostriled nose, the square jaw and chin, and the thick lips which pressed together to conceal the very square, mannish teeth.

He rolled onto his back, spreading his legs wider and pushing his jeans down around his shoes. With one arm he pulled me against him. With his

eyes still closed he put an arm behind his head for comfort and said, “Jack it off and play with my balls while you’re doin’ it, okay?”

“Okay,” I said. I leaned over him, stroking, caressing, worshiping him with my hands. His hair had fallen, back onto his forehead and his long lashes curled against his cheeks like a little boy asleep. I thought that at that moment he was the most perfect thing I had ever seen.

I reached for the buttons of his shirt. He opened his eyes, not understanding at first, and then he smiled mischievously, the corners of his mouth turning up in a manner that gave him a vaguely pixie-ish look, as he closed his eyes again and allowed me to do as I pleased. I opened the shirt, pushed it back around his sides. His smooth chest was wide and dark from the sun, hairless, with a deep crevice of distinctive lines separating the sides as well as the upper chest from the lower, and very wide, round tan nipples. Leaning over, I kissed the deep river of his chest and he chuckled a little and ran one hand through my hair. Then he squeezed my hand down on his prick, squeezing it so that he was holding both my hand and his own cock at the same time.

His eyes were open, the devilish look again, and he asked me, “Do you want me to get naked?”

We stared. It was suddenly understood between us—maybe not consciously, but still understood, by my opening of his shirt—that it was *his* body that was the focus of this incident, the object of desire. *I wanted Danny.* He reached up and touched my head gently and I said, “Yes.”

He pulled off his shoes and socks and then slid his jeans, along with the underwear, all the way down his legs, kicking them off into a bundle on top of his shoes. Then he was out of his shirt, tossing it onto a bale of hay. He was standing up now and he straddled me with his feet, stared down at me, still on the floor. His legs were fine, too—long, slender, taut with stringy muscles. His knees bent. He sat down on my thighs and put my hand back on his cock. I ran my fingers down along his thighs, his legs, feeling the little brown hairs which had yet to emerge on my own legs.

“Do you like this?” he smiled at me.

“What?”

“Playing with my peter.”

“Yes,” I said, “it’s fun.”

A cunning smile played on his mouth, tilting one corner of his lips up, revealing dimples. He was leaning down towards me so that, his eyes took

on a slanted quality and his hair fell down into his face. The grin intrigued me; he was now my opponent as well as my comrade. I sensed this from my long familiarity with his expressions—Danny was devising some kind of strategy. Soon it came out. He laughed, rubbed my chin with his fist, and said, “I bet if you drank another beer I could talk you into lettin’ me cornhole you.”

“What’s that mean?” I asked innocently.

“You mean you’ve never heard of that?”

“I don’t think so.”

“It just means that I stick my dick in your butt... it’s sorta like screwin’ a girl. It would feel that way for me, anyhow. Would you do it for me? Please?”

I was stunned, out of breath, intoxicated with sensations, with the smells of the night and the weight of his superior body on top of me. His wide eyes implored. “Come on,” he grinned, “let me do it. My cousin in Colorado let me do it to him.”

“Won’t it hurt me?” I said.

He shrugged. “Not very much. My cousin said I did it real good... didn’t hurt him much at all. He liked it... said I had a bigger dick than any of the other guys that he knew. He said it felt real good once I got my cock up in him... maybe you’ll like it too. Come on... please?”

“I don’t know,” I murmured. “How would we do it?”

“You mean you will?” he shouted ecstatically.

“I didn’t say that.”

The warm palm of his hand stroked my cheek. “Aw, come on,” he said. “Aren’t I your best friend... your best friend in the whole world?”

“Yes. You know that.”

“Then prove it,” he said, and he put a very serious, tight-jawed expression on his ordinarily happy-go-lucky face.

“I don’t know, Danny,” I said, and my voice sounded weak and listless even to me.

His strong hands were already rolling me over onto my stomach. His voice was soothing, deep-throated, friendly, but somehow determined at the same time. He spoke to me as if it had already been agreed upon and he was merely giving directions now. I could not resist him. I allowed myself to be turned over in the soft hay and he pushed my jeans down. Then I could feel his knees between my thighs, spreading my legs. My face was pressed

against the hay on the floor, turned sideways—I could not really see him. He pulled off my shoes and pushed my jeans on down around my ankles; comprehending, I kicked them off. All the while, he was talking to me, massaging the backs of my legs, saying, “I’ll be real careful... you’ll make me feel real good, and I’ll appreciate it a lot, really I will... If you’ll just relax and let me get my dick in then it’ll feel good for you, it won’t hurt after a while...”

I was afraid of what he was going to do. I steadied myself for the pain and began telling myself that I would pretend not to be hurt no matter what he did to me, so great was my desire to make him happy, to bind us together in something even greater than friendship. The truth is, I would have done anything to or for him that night with a little coaxing and reassurance. A picture of Jim with Dorothy in our living room flashed through my mind—the similarity of my position with my sister’s occurred to me more than once—and I seemed to know that I was taking a subservient position to Danny Sullivan, but then it no longer mattered, not after I had unbuttoned his shirt and let my attraction to his body be known, not now when he already had perceived that he was beautiful to me.

The warmth of his big, knobby, callused hands upon my buttocks came as a shock of delight. He rubbed my ass and spread open the cheeks and I began to squirm with the pleasure, pressing my hard-on into the soft hay. Danny kept telling me to relax.

I felt the full weight of him then. His chest covered my back, his breath was close, and I could feel him doing something with his hands down below. He spat several times. Then I felt the blunt, thick head of his cock sliding into the crevice of my ass, and I realized that he had moistened it with his saliva.

“Oh, Paul, this is gonna feel so great,” he whispered against my neck. “Please just let me stick it all the way in... and then if it hurts too much I promise I’ll pull it out. Okay?”

“Okay,” I nodded on the blanket of alfalfa.

I felt one finger probing between my hips, seeking out my asshole. He found it, jabbed inward, and I tensed with the pain. Again he reminded me that I had to relax. I closed my eyes and visualized his beautiful face and relaxed. The finger entered my rectum, splitting me apart, forcing its way inside. I moaned with the pain, and he patted me on the back of the head affectionately. “It’ll be all right in a little bit,” he said.

He probed with his fingers until I grew accustomed to it. Then he raised my ass up, holding it between both his hands for a moment in order to let me know that I was supposed to hold it up for him. Then he let go and his fingers found my asshole once more, pried the flesh open as far as was possible, and then put his cock there.

I bit into my tongue, but somehow I allowed myself to relax. *It's for Danny, it's for Danny!* I screamed to myself wildly, terrified, as I felt him shove forward with all his might.

It didn't work. He tried again, still again. The fourth time his cock entered me. The head of the hard shaft of meat, like a burning lance, went searing up into my ass, buried itself securely, and I screamed out with a pain that I had never known before, that I had never considered possible. He stopped, still upon his knees, and massaged my shoulders and implored me to relax and be still. He only had the head inside me—I reached behind with one hand and felt the seemingly immeasurably long trunk still waiting for admittance.

I begged him to stop, not to proceed, said that he would kill me. Already tears were running down my face. He said, "All right," and waited patiently on his knees. His hands began caressing my hips once more, relaxing me, soothing, warm... and the shock of the pain began to abate, and then the pain itself abated, although it did not disappear.

"I'll tell you what," Danny said softly to me. "Let me just lie on top of you with this much of it in and screw you with just the head of my dick. Will that be okay? It won't hurt like it would if I shoved it all in. Will you let me do just that?"

I considered it a moment, then nodded my head.

His hands gripped my shoulders. "I don't wanna hurt you, buddy," he said. "If you can't take it, just tell me. I'll stop."

"It's all right now," I said, "just as long as you don't put any more of it in."

He was back on top of me then, his knees stretching my legs wide apart, his chest crushing my back. "Relax now," he said, and with his hips he began a slow, cautious thrusting motion. The head pressed inward, then withdrew, then came back into me. The first thrusts were stinging and painful—but nothing compared to the entrance—and I bit into my lip and swore to endure it.

Gradually it became better. I stopped thinking so much about my discomfort and concentrated by imagination upon Danny, upon the way he would look on top of me with his smooth, splendid body, the way it must feel to him. I was giving him this pleasure. I was doing it for him because I loved him, he was my friend.

I began to like it. Slowly I felt myself undulating my hips in rhythm with his inward-outward activity, very gently at first, almost imperceptibly—and then blatantly, moving up to meet his cock whenever I felt it pushing for depth.

“All right now?” Danny asked me.

“Yeah,” I said, “I like it. Does it make you feel good?”

“Great,” Danny sighed.

We continued the movements of our hips. Then—a sudden shock—I felt part of the trunk glide up inside me, felt the head deeper than he had promised. I cried out, Danny grabbed my shoulders and pressed his face almost apologetically into the back of my neck, and then the pain went away, for Danny lay still upon me. It was, I realized, no worse than the thrusting from the head only. I felt filled up inside by something hot and insistent and burning, but it was far from unendurable. I knew, though, that he had deceived me. He had known all along that once I got used to it he was going to go ahead and shove some more of it in.

But it was Danny. It was all right as long as I could take it. “Is it all the way in?” I asked.

“No,” he said, “only about half.”

And then, having caught me off-guard, sensing that my body had relaxed again because I was not expecting another onslaught for a while, Danny quickly rammed the remainder of his engorged cock straight up inside me, taking my breath away, bringing the moisture back to my eyes. The hard prick was buried to the very balls inside my unprepared body. “Now it is,” Danny said with great satisfaction.

“I can’t stand it!” I screamed, remembering that I had trusted him twice already not to hurt me any more.

His voice against my ear was strange, alarming in its newness, its roughness. There was something uncontrollable happening to Danny now that he had wielded his power over me. He was breathing very hard, and in a coarse, angry-sounding way which was, I knew, the result of his mounting lust, his eagerness to finish what he had begun. “Shut up,” he said quietly,

but seriously. "Now you can take it, Paul, I know you can. It'll only hurt for a little while, then it will all be over."

He thrust, plunging the cock in a circular motion inside me. It seemed to excite him beyond control. "Oh, goddamn you, Danny," I moaned.

"Goddamn yourself," he murmured harshly, grinding himself so deeply inside me I felt him in my stomach. "Come on, now... don't be a fuckin' sissy about it. Hell, you let me dick you, you wanted it... now just lay there and take it!" I caught the subtle implications of contempt in his voice—contempt for having conquered me, for having found it so easy to trick me. Danny began to pump himself up and down on my back, stabbing, bruising, tearing. He was a stranger in these wild moments, no longer aware that I was Paul, his best friend, no longer concerned with anything except the animal in himself which I, after all, had helped to elicit.

"Danny, please!" I cried out in the torment.

"Be quiet!" he hissed, his breath choking and guttural as he plunged his cock in and out of my rectum. "Just hang on," he said, "you'll like it in a minute."

It lasted about five minutes. And then it was just as he said. I liked it. He thrust smoothly, carefully, never withdrawing very far before coming back to the hilt. I spread my legs wide and held to his hand, pressing my mouth to it, as he moved his body up and down on my back, riding me with increasing pleasure and excitement. As his climax began to build, he rolled from my back and turned me on my side so that he was screwing me sideways, and, with his hand, he began to jerk my cock up and down. He did it in time with his thrusting, which grew more frenzied, deeper, and even painful—once he drew his prick out to the very head and then shoved it back in until I felt his balls mash against the cheeks of my ass—but by this time I was too lost. The world had been spun out before my dazed eyes, his hand was the creator and giver of magic and all the delights of childhood combined with the finer elements of newfound adulthood, and it built and built and built and built. When we came we did so with such intensity, such magnificent violence and pain and unbearable ecstasy, that we crumpled lifelessly against one another's bodies, merging into one limp form, sincerely expecting extinction, obliteration after such an incredibly fervent moment of abandon. The gushing, panting, sobbing moment of our orgasm—for we came together—was like transcending the sensations of

our bodies into another reality, a world which was nothing *but* sensations, rendering individual bodies irrelevant.

For a long time neither of us could move. Danny remained locked inside me—and I loved it, I loved the knowledge that he was in me, a part of my very flesh. I lay with my face buried in my arms, shaking inwardly and outwardly, trying to accept the total consummate wonder of what had just occurred between me and one other human being.

After a while I felt his cock softening inside me, a pleasurable sensation in its own, and gradually it slid out, lay coiled up like a fat worm against my ass. I turned to him. My arms went around his neck, his arms went around my waist. We pressed ourselves together, panting, and held to one another with all the strength left inside us on the sea of alfalfa, listening to our breathing and being aware of our bodies in a way such as we had never before experienced; aware of our bodies in relation to one another and to the night and to the sounds of the fields and the lonesome August prairie.

More than ever, we were together. For two wonderful years Danny was my lover as well as my teacher, although we didn't think of it in those terms. We viewed our very adult lovemaking through the eyes of fascinated children, which made it innocent, pure, unique to us. Even then, however, I felt a genuine love for Danny. I was taking my affection and admiration for a friend much more seriously than were the other boys, Danny included, who experimented with one another's bodies.

We spent the nights together at every possible opportunity. We became relaxed and natural with each other's bodies in a very short time. It seems funny now. Danny, between thirteen and fifteen, must have been horny twenty-four hours a day, and I honestly believed that my body had been created for the sole purpose of giving him pleasure.

I remember one Saturday afternoon Danny was over at my house and my parents were gone. We were lying across my bed upstairs, fully clothed, looking at a Playboy magazine that Danny had somehow gotten hold of. As we flipped through the pages looking at the nude pictures, I was aware that the naked women did not arouse me the way they did my buddy. I became cognizant of the fact that it was Danny's excitement which excited me and brought on an erection. I was not perturbed; it never crossed my mind that there was anything wrong with this.

We lay side by side on our stomachs turning the glossy colorful pages. Danny contemplated the centerfold—a voluptuous redhead—and when he glanced at me from the corners of his eyes in his customary devil-may-care fashion, I knew. Chuckling to myself, I squeezed the back of his neck and Danny rolled over onto his back, holding the picture up before his face, his long legs draped over the edge of the bed. Raising myself up on one arm, I looked down his body. Sure enough, the bulge in his Levi's was the distinct impression of his hard cock. He looked at me again and rubbed the bulge with one hand, and, understanding I moved against him and began to play with the hardness through the rough material of his bluejeans.

"Wow," he sighed, eyes fastened upon the sexy picture as I stimulated him with my hands, "just think what it would be like." His fingers were caressing the rounded hips of the woman in the picture, as if by touching her photograph she might materialize in his arms, a real woman.

"What?" I laughed, enjoying his lusty fantasy.

"To do it with her," he explained, and his tan eyes lit with pleasure. "I wonder how many men she's let do it to her," he mused. "A lot, I bet. Hell. I wonder if she'd let me... if I knew her?"

"Maybe she would," I shrugged, encouraging him.

"Think so?"

"Why not?"

"I'm too young. Probably she likes men her own age, or older. Don't you think?"

"But you look pretty grownup," I told him—and to me, he did.

"Yeah," he sighed, flattered and off on a fantasy. "I've grown a lot this year, haven't I? My dick's gotten bigger, too. Have you noticed?"

"I reckon I have," I laughed, stroking the outline in the jeans. And it was true—Danny had gotten bigger, and he had a lot more body hair, particularly on his legs. My own body, except for the area around my crotch, was as smooth and hairless as ever, to my embarrassment.

My hand gripped the trunk of his cock through the clothing. His face revealed his appreciation for the action and, looking at me, grinning, he asked, "Do you like my cock now that it's bigger?"

Our eyes held for a moment. I nodded. The smug grin on his face excited me to a hard-on. "Can I put my prick in you?" he asked.

"Now?"

"Yeah," he said, turning to me, feeling my ass with his hands. "Now."

Consenting, I went into the bathroom for a jar of hand lotion which, we'd discovered, made it more pleasant for both of us.

When I came back into the room, Danny was standing up beside the bed. He had taken off his shirt and unfastened the top button of his jeans. His hard cock, sticking straight upward, protruded ever so slightly from the top of the Levi's. I handed him the lotion and he dropped his pants down around his dusty-old everyday boots and began to rub the creamy liquid all over his cock.

"How do you want me to lie?" I asked him.

"Why don't you just bend over the side of the bed," Danny shrugged, "it'll be easier that way."

I pushed down my jeans and did as he asked. I leaned over the bed, my knees on the floor, my face pressed sideways into the covers atop the mattress. Danny came up behind me and, with his hands, raised up my hips until they were even with his crotch. After putting some of the liquid on his middle finger, he found my asshole and stuck his finger in, lubricating me. I felt the swift, sharp sting of his ragged, dirty nail prodding my inside, and the cool feeling of the hand lotion. I elevated my asscheeks even higher for him. Danny withdrew his finger, wiped it on the back on my T-shirt, and then moved into the area of my outstretched back thighs. His hands spread the cheeks of my ass and I felt the head of his prick, cold and slippery with the lotion, at my opening.

"Go slow," I reminded him.

The head glided smoothly in. I winced and tightened up involuntarily for a moment, then remembered to relax. It really was, I had discovered from experience, the secret key to enjoying being cornholed, just as Danny had told me a long time ago. When he sensed that my body had rid itself of the preliminary tension, Danny stepped in closer and the trunk of his prick, slick with the cool cream, tunneled its way up into my insides. He was still standing up. He wrapped his arms around my waist to make sure my hips remained elevated for his convenience.

He got it all the way in, paused, inquired, "You okay?"

"Yes," I said.

"Ready for me to start fuckin' you?"

"Ready," I said.

Feet planted solidly on the floor, crotch against my upraised butt so that I could feel his balls tickling the crevice between my ass and cock, Danny began to shove his prick in and out of me. Almost two years had gone by since the first time he had stuck it in me and by now he had me opened up so that my tunnel was exactly right for the size of his cock. It was almost as if my ass belonged to Danny's cock during those early years, and he knew it too. He could have it whenever he wanted it, he could pound it in any way he felt the urge, slow or fast, easy or rough, once he had gotten it in and I'd grown relaxed with it. And we fit one another perfectly.

He was in a hurry this time—we were both afraid my parents might come home—so Danny immediately began thrusting himself deep inside

me, fast but steady, going the full length and then withdrawing to the very pointed cock-tip, and driving back home again. I enjoyed him this way, was used to it. I loved the feeling of his balls slapping against my ass in the frenzied motions, the way his hardness glided up the path it had cut out for itself over the years, the way the thick, obstinate head of his cock felt when it touched that deepest, innermost part of me.

Within a matter of seconds I felt his hard flesh widening even more, pulsating inside me in the familiar way before orgasm and, with one last furious thrust, so abrupt and penetrating that it made me cry out a little with pain, Danny's cock exploded inside me, the warm come gushing through me like a rampaging river, and he collapsed on my back and we lay across the bed, our bodies joined, until he was completely drained of his excessive adolescent juices.

We immediately pulled our pants back up, buttoned ourselves, and hopped back onto the bed. We pressed ourselves together for a few minutes, still savoring the warmth of what had been transacted between us; Danny even got half-hard again when I grabbed his balls through the Levi's. He had not bothered to put his shirt back on, so I ran my hand across his firm chest, noting the thin trickle of perspiration that was running down the deep crevice. Tiny beads of sweat dotted his forehead too; with the palm of my hand, I wiped them away. Danny grinned down at me. "You sure do like my dick, don't you?" he said.

Embarrassed, I blushed and looked away. It wasn't so much the words as the way he said them. Despite our friendship, beneath everything, Danny had a vague and baffling lack of respect for me. I knew that it had something to do with the fact that I was vulnerable to his sexual needs, and pliable; I had deliberately put Danny in the position to exercise his will over me. In every other way, we were still equals, buddies, and Danny honestly regarded me as such. But always after we had engaged in sex, that oddly contemptuous tone would surface in Danny's voice—and in his knowing smile, It was a tone which seemed to bewilder Danny almost as much as it did me.

I removed my hand from his body, suddenly selfconscious of the fact that I was caressing him, that it was always I who caressed Danny, never the other way around. It was too apparent for comfort that Danny was my sexual dream-object, whereas I was merely the object Danny used to relieve himself upon.

"Why'd you move your hand?" Danny asked, looking at me.

"I don't know," I murmured.

"Well, put it back where it was," he said sternly.

"How come?"

"Because I want it there, that's why."

I slipped my hand back between his legs. His cock bulged out hard in the bluejeans; it excited him to know that I would do as he told me to do. I rubbed the hard column avidly with the palm of my hand, working it up and down through the jeans. We both got a little excited then; I opened his fly and pulled the warm, tumid trunk out through the slit in his underwear. When I squeezed his cock Danny winced and rolled slightly towards me.

I stared down at my hand wrapped around the wide, perfectly shaped cock. A shiver tingled my spine. I stroked the length of the trunk with my fingertips, tracing it all the way up to the swollen, bulbous head of the cock, so red and sensitive to the touch. I thought his cock was the most beautiful thing I had ever seen. "Yes," I whispered, "I do like your dick, I guess."

Danny grinned smugly, knowingly. He reached behind into his back pocket and pulled out a handkerchief; he tossed it against my front and, closing his eyes, he said with an almost militant authority, "Beat me off... hurry."

My hand enclosed upon the hot meat. I jerked his cock up and down, slowly at first, then harder, and harder. Sensing the moment, I held the handkerchief up against the cockhead with one hand as I manipulated him swiftly with the other. He arched towards me, groaning deep in his throat, and the white sticky come came jetting out from the pulsating little slit in the head. Most of the cream I caught with the cloth, but some of it spurted out onto the back of my hand.

Danny sighed and lay back, one arm across his face. Bending over him, I cleaned him thoroughly with the handkerchief, wiping where the pungent fluid had run down upon his trunk, intermingling with the wiry pubic hair which had escaped the boundaries of his underwear during my ardent pulling and jerking.

I sniffed the warm moisture on the back of my hand, curious, It was sweet, like Danny. I wiped it away on the handkerchief.

We lay together talking quietly for several minutes while Danny regained his strength. Presently Danny grew bored, yawned and stretched

and tucked himself back into his jeans. Restlessly, he suggested we go out into the backyard and throw the football for a while.

But I had another sexual experience that year, an encounter with somebody other than Danny. It was not planned, never premeditated—by coincidence I shared an experience which was to have no little consequence on my future.

I played basketball and there was a boy on the team with whom I alternated in the position of right guard. His name was Dale Benton and there was always a tense, constrained, sub-surface animosity between us. We had competed against one another in elementary school and we had never been friends, although we weren't exactly enemies either—not outwardly anyway. The coincidence of us being rivals for the same position on the eighth-grade basketball team did not help our relationship any, but at the same time we were teammates, working for the same side, and we tried to get along as well as possible. We were always very polite to one another in the presence of others (particularly the coach), but I knew that he made hostile remarks about me to his very closest friends, and I often had talked to Danny about Dale Benton. I had made up my mind during the middle of basketball season to make friends with Dale, to be nice to him and try to learn to like him, assuming that he would meet me halfway. In some respects he did. But he was a quick-tempered person, moody, often sullen, and I learned that his friendliness on certain occasions was no guarantee of friendship.

He took sports more seriously than I did. He was one of those guys to whom winning or losing a ball game was either a tremendous personal victory or a crushing defeat, and Dale's whole outlook on the world depended upon how well he excelled at basketball, track, and baseball. He was a much better baseball player than basketball guard, for sure—only he didn't know that.

His competitive attitude carried over into other aspects of his life too. He could have been a very popular boy had it not been for his tendency to affect jealousy and sullen resentment of others who excelled when he fell short. He was a well-built boy of medium height, good-looking, with curly dark hair and nice, smooth facial features. And when he was in a good mood, he had an attractive personality. He was simply too aggressive, and too self-centered. He had never liked Danny very much because Danny

Sullivan was undeniably the most popular boy in the eighth grade and, it was already apparent, he was going to be the most well-liked kid in our class all the way through high school. So part of Dale's natural hostility toward me was due to the fact that I was Danny's best friend.

But one night Dale was in too good of spirits to be defensive, and we almost got to be buddies. We played a game out of town—an important game—and both Dale and I played equal time. I played the first half and Dale played the second half. We won the game and Dale was the high-scoring man, despite the fact that he had only been on the court about thirty-five minutes. He was extolled hysterically by all the boys on the team and by Coach Addams, and you could tell simply by looking into his eyes that he was in love with the whole world that night.

After the game, as we went down into the locker room to shower and get ready for the bus ride back to Oreville, I stepped up beside Dale and put my arm on his shoulder. "You did a great job," I told him, "you're the best player we've got!"

He smiled and slung his arm around me as we walked down to the basement locker room of the old gymnasium. The shower room was crowded with laughing, happy boys, everyone running around naked and popping one another with wet towels and fighting over soap. Together Dale and I got out of our uniforms and jock-straps and went into one of the hot, steamy, block booths to shower.

I was very aware of his body as we stood side by side lathering ourselves with soap and screaming obscenities and insults with the other fellows. It was difficult to keep my eyes straight ahead and each time I looked inadvertently in Dale's direction, I noticed another appealing facet of his physique—his solid thighs, his flat, hard-looking little belly and, most of all, his hips. He had a very cute, graceful, rounded little bottom which I had enjoyed watching as he walked down the halls at school in the past year, an ass that looked quite nice in a pair of Levi's—and that night in the shower booth I was thinking how much nicer it looked out of the Levi's.

When we went for the schoolbus out in the parking lot, I made a break for the back seat. When I had claimed it by hurling my body into the corner and covering it with arms and legs, everybody began hollering for me to let them share it with me. It was a crazy, childish, irrational game. Everyone always tried for the back seat in the bus. I saved the space until Dale came

aboard. He waved to me, grinning, and pushed his way through the mob of boys to the back.

"Damn, it's cold," Dale laughed, and he put his blue 4-H jacket over the front of his chest without really getting into it. "Hurry up and start this contraption!" he yelled good-humoredly at the driver.

Finally, noisily and happily, we started for home. The heater warmed the bus up and the long flat highway, like a dark line through the desert, stretched before us.

Dale offered me a stick of chewing gum and we talked for a while, about nothing in particular—girls, Coach, school, cranky teachers—the usual things.

But the warmth and the riding made us sleepy and we both quit talking before long and leaned our heads back against the top of the back rests. Dale closed his eyes. He had his arms folded across his chest and his jacket lay in his lap. Most of the guys had quieted down—many were sleeping—and the gentle bouncing of the bus was soothing, solacing; it made me feel warm all over.

I kept watching Dale from the corners of my eyes. I couldn't tell whether or not he was asleep. I wanted to fool around with him really badly (some boys across the aisle, I noted, were really going at it) and I had a hard-on, but I did not know how to go about instigating the thing. Some boys, I knew, did it, and others didn't, and I was afraid that Dale might be one to resent such a suggestion.

I turned it over in my mind, decided to give it a try. We were, after all, at that age in which once something is discovered to feel good, it becomes permissible. I sensed that attitude among my classmates—the boys—without thinking of it in those terms, or as a phase or as a fleeting stage. It was simply a universal, adolescent way of seeing things.

I reached with one hand across the plastic seat, touching him first, selfconsciously, on the knee. He did not move. His face remained immobile. I allowed my hand to move lightly upward until I came to the jacket in his lap. I searched his face for some sign of approval or disapproval, any acknowledgment whatever. None came.

I moved my hand underneath the jacket. I found the mound of flesh, tight in the crotch of his bluejeans, and I exerted a little pressure. I waited.

Very slowly Dale spread his legs wider apart beneath the jacket, his eyes still closed, and my hand began to massage and rub and squeeze his

cock. Across his face there appeared the vestige of a smile, so I relaxed and continued the pressure, more blatantly this time, until I felt his dick stirring and hardening beneath my fingers.

I found the outline of his cock and traced it with my fingers several times, and Dale opened his legs a little. When my hand wandered down to press in on his balls, he squeezed his legs tightly together, trapping my hand between his thighs, and I realized that he must be liking it. It was good to be giving him pleasure. The closeness and intimacy of our age and the situation (the game, the joy, the warm, secure, old bus) seemed conducive to physical closeness and friendship.

My exploring hand had only been at work a few minutes, however, when Dale turned his body in such a position that my hand was prevented from continuing. I could not tell if he had fallen asleep, or if he had grown bored with the activity, or if he simply wanted me to stop. I could have reached farther across the seat and still cupped the hardened cock with my hand, but he had decidedly moved away from and not towards me. A little nervous about the whole thing, I withdrew my hand altogether and lay back against the window on the opposite side of the seat. I kept hoping that he would make a move, touch me or in some way indicate that he wanted me to feel him some more—I knew that it had felt good, for he had gotten a hard-on!—but Dale neither spoke nor opened his eyes nor moved throughout the remainder of the bus ride.

I was half-asleep when we pulled up into the horseshoe driveway of our school. The lights of the bus came on and everyone roused themselves and began grabbing for their gear and trying to come back to life in order to face the cold outside. Some of the kids had parents or older brothers or sisters waiting for them in cars. Others, like myself, lived close and could walk home.

I stepped off the bus and the cold night air revived me. I said good-bye to a couple of buddies and started off in the direction of my street, across the withered grass of the schoolyard.

Suddenly, Dale called to me, “Hey, Paul!”

I looked around. He was standing in the open doorway of an old Ford parked in one of the yellow spaces. “Need a ride?” he asked.

I hurried to the car as he got inside behind the wheel.

He was giving another friend a lift, too. As he started up the engine we wrapped our arms around ourselves for warmth, all three jammed into the

front seat. Dale explained, "We'll be lucky if we make it in this contraption. It's my brother's car... he just loaned it to me for the night. The way he hot-rods it, it's a reg'lar piece of junk."

"Better 'n walking any day," said Allen, the boy between Dale and I. He had his long legs braced up against the dashboard and he was shivering from the cold.

Presently the heater became warm, just as we were starting out of the parking lot. I found it vaguely suspicious when Dale dropped Allen off at his house first, for my place was closer, but I merely told myself that Dale had forgotten where I lived. Allen thanked Dale for the ride, waved good-bye, and ran into his house as Dale began backing the old two-toned jalopy out of the driveway. "He's a pretty good guy, don't you think?" Dale said cordially to me, speaking of Allen.

We started driving. The town streets were dark, deserted. The two or three traffic lights had begun to blink yellow off and on. Dale did not ask for directions—he just drove. When he turned onto the main highway and began to drive out towards the city-limits sign, my hands began to feel damp and I had to clear my voice to speak. "Where are we going?" I asked him.

He glanced at me briefly and a contemptuous smile played on his thin lips for a moment. "I thought you might wanna finish up what you started on the bus," he said.

I did not answer. He flipped on the radio, tuning it in to the Tucson station. The heater purred consolingly as we rode in silence.

After about five miles he turned off the main highway onto a dirt road. The rough-rutted country road cut a straight path through the prairie and through the front windshield I could make out the dim outline of distant windmills, a sign that we were approaching somebody's ranch. When I asked him about it, Dale shrugged and said, "It's okay, my uncle lives ten miles down this road... they'll be asleep and nobody turns off here this late." He glanced at me, grinned, "My brother brings his broads out here all the time."

Cold winter stars, like brittle chips of light, winked above in the winter-black sky.

Dale had pulled the car over to the far side of the road, near the ruts of the gully. I tried to keep myself collected, calm, as Dale turned off the headlights and looked at me, but it was too different, being with somebody

out in a car this way. It seemed planned or forced, not the spontaneous activity in which Danny and I engaged. I felt that Dale was regarding me much in the way he would regard a girl. And that night, for the first time, I was aware of the role-playing entering into my newly developed sexuality. I was embarrassed and a bit frightened and I wished that he had merely taken me home, forgotten all this.

Dale also was a little uneasy, but he was attempting to disguise it. With an overly casual yawn, he stretched his arms and turned his body beneath the steering wheel so that he was facing me. One knee was elevated, his legs were widespread, and he placed a hand on the crotch of his pants, rubbing his cock through the Levi's. His eyes gleamed when they met mine; he was looking up under his brows at me in a funny cocky way that made me suspect he knew things which I did not know and that he had some peculiar advantage over me for the knowledge.

He unbuckled his belt and then slowly undid the buttons on his jeans. I stared, fascinated, unable to look away, unable to speak. I could tell from the growing bulge that he was getting a hard-on and just watching it caused me to have a hard-on, also.

He pulled his prick out through the slit of his underwear; it stuck straight out at me through the unbuttoned jeans. His cock was nicely formed, although not as big around as Danny's. It curved upward, saberlike, on the end. Sensing my excitement, Dale took my hand and placed it around the hard column of flesh, motioning for me to stroke his dick. I did, nervously, fast, jerking him off until he stopped me with his hand and laughed and said, "Not so fast. You'll make me shoot my wad right here."

"Isn't that what you want to do?" I asked him naively.

He shrugged one shoulder. "Yeah," he said, "but I'd like to shoot it in something... got me?"

"What do you mean?" I said. My voice was tremulous; I could not take my eyes from his. There was something hypnotic now about his cold, glaring, knowing eyes watching my fear and hesitancy.

"Come over here a little bit," he said, and I obeyed. My hand still gripped his hard prick, stroking it lightly, and he put one hand on the back of my neck. The warmth of the corduroy jacket, the sleeve brushing my neck softly, was like being touched by velvet, and his hand worked its spell, massaging my neck and shoulders in a way that told me he was

contemplating pushing my face down into his crotch. “You know what I mean,” he said quietly.

It was the first time I suspected there might be something wrong, or something inferior, about my position in contrast to my partner’s. I couldn’t let him know my fears, or the awareness which had precipitated those fears. “No,” I persisted, “I don’t know what you mean.”

He grimaced, but in an amused sort of way. His eyes held mine like dark magnets. “You ever had a dick in your mouth?” he asked me.

I shook my head, no.

“What about in your ass?” he asked then.

I looked down, away from his eyes, down at my lap. My erection made an emphatic and unmistakable bulge in my bluejeans—and then, looking back up, I realized that Dale had seen it too and was chuckling to himself.

“Yeah?” he pursued it. “Am I right? You have, haven’t you? Come on, admit it... I’m not gonna tell anyone. You been cornholed before, haven’t you?”

My mouth was too dry to speak. I nodded.

He laughed out loud then and his hand gripped the back of my neck even tighter, as if he’d discovered some power over me. “Hell,” he laughed, “I figured you had been. You know, in the dark you look almost like a girl. Did you know that?”

I was angry, but I could not say anything now.

“Who did it to you, huh? Tell me. I bet it was Danny Sullivan... am I right? Has Danny been stickin’ it to you?”

Again I nodded. Dale laughed. His eyes wandered down to my hand on his cock, then back to my eyes. “You wanna climb in the back seat?” he said.

In the back seat of Dale Benton’s old Ford, I learned that I was not on equal grounds with the other boys as far as sex went. I learned that I was being used, and that even by Danny I had been used to an extent—although with Danny it had always been different, nicer, for I’d never felt the contempt which Dale had for my position. He was thinking of me as a girl, using me as one.

And I let him. There was no way I could have stopped him that night, particularly not after his discovery of my relationship with Danny Sullivan, and not after I had fondled his cock in the front seat without expecting him to reciprocate.

"Turn over on your stomach," he instructed me after he had pulled my pants down to my thighs. I lay uncomfortably on the plastic seat, halfway in the floorboard, as Dale opened the door to allow his legs room to hang out as he climbed on my back.

He was quick, methodical, concerned only with himself and his needs. He simply pulled his cock and balls out from the top of his underwear, used his hand to jab his cock down into my crack until the pointed head found my opening. As he pressed downward, I raised my hips up, helping him, and presently he thrust it just right and with all his strength. It went straight up inside my ass. He did not seem to hear me cry out, he ignored my request that he go slowly, be careful, just as he ignored me when I asked him, once he was all the way inside, to wait for a moment in order to allow me time to adjust. He did not speak, perhaps he did not even hear me. He started in right away, stabbing and jabbing and banging me all over the back seat, thrusting his long, curved prick in and out until he came. I felt the hot gushing wetness of his come spurt deep within my ass, one last thrust, and then it was over. He jerked his prick out of me and stood outside the open car door on the dirt road, buttoning his pants back up and fastening his belt, sticking his shirt back inside and arranging the blue 4-H jacket.

Sheepishly, sensing that I had been somehow humiliated by his lack of attention and concern for my own excitement, but knowing, definitely knowing that he was finished with me and wanted to go home, I sat up in the seat and fixed my jeans and then got back in the front seat. We drove all the way back to town without speaking, only listening to the radio. I caught a few sideways glances from Dale. He seemed quite pleased with himself, and satisfied. When he pulled up in front of my house, he slugged me playfully on the shoulder and said, "Thanks... I'll cornhole you again sometime."

As I walked up the sidewalk to the porch of the house, I pondered his last words. I was both angry and confused as to why he had sounded like he had done me a great favor!

My freshman year in high school came and went without event. I dated occasionally—because Danny did—and I was fairly popular with my classmates, but Danny Sullivan remained my only true friend. Danny and I continued to play around with one another whenever we spent the night together, but Danny was decidedly more interested in girls and we had begun to spend nights together less frequently.

But it was the beginning of my sophomore year when I learned, with great shock and pain, the meaning behind and the conclusion to my early experimentation with sex.

We had a big back-to-school dance on the Saturday night before school started. It was in the high-school gymnasium, which the girls decorated with crepe paper in order to disguise the ugliness of the old building as much as was possible. Everybody was there, of course. A lot of guys brought dates, something which only one year before nobody would have considered, from fear of being ridiculed by contemporaries. But most of us came stag and, except for a dance or two now and then, the guys congregated together and talked and the girls did the same, on the other side of the room.

I didn't have much time to be with Danny at the dance, for he had brought a date, Patricia Hamilton, one of the best-looking girls in the class. She followed him all over the gym with her new-fashioned bouffant hairdo, even when he came over to talk with me, and she insisted they dance to every record, whether it was a Bobby Vinton ballad or the new Twist music that everyone was so excited about.

I danced to some of the records, but I spent most of my time stuffing down refreshments and sitting with a crowd of guys. Dale was around a lot and he was noticeably friendly to me. He talked mostly about his car. He had worked all summer with a bricklayer and saved up enough money to buy himself a jalopy not unlike the one his brother used to have. Out in the glove compartment of his car he had hidden a pint of whiskey, and Dale and another guy kept slipping outside to the horseshoe parking lot to take swigs

from the bottle; they would come back inside looking red-faced and a little wild-eyed and everyone except the teachers knew what they were up to. It was almost a sign of prestige to be drunk.

Dale danced occasionally and when he returned to his buddies he would rub his crotch in a crude way to show everyone how horny the close dancing was making him. As the evening progressed, the guys talked more and more about how much they'd like to screw some girl, speculating on breast sizes, the looks of different cunts. Everyone pretended to be much more experienced than he really was. Oreville was a town immersed in the double standard and there were only two of three girls in the whole town who would really "put out."

It was around eleven-thirty when Dale asked me if I wanted to go out to the car for a drink with him. Laughing, I went along. Out in the parking lot we went up to the jalopy and Dale got the bottle out of the glove compartment. We stood together in the open doorway of the car casting suspicious glances toward the lighted windows and doorway of the gym to make sure no teachers were watching. Dale took a big gulp, swallowed with a straight face, then handed me the bottle. I'd never tasted whiskey before. When I drank, following Dale's example, I almost gagged. The liquid burned my throat as it went down and I began to cough. Then I felt it in my legs and arms, in my stomach, in my feet. I became dizzy for a moment. Dale laughed and took another swig and then handed it back to me. I drank again, carefully.

We stood grinning at one another. Dale was quite high. He looked reckless and handsome, his dark hair in his face. We had been on pretty good terms with one another in the past year, but I had always felt a little awkward around him. Dale had been friendly, never out of place, but upon occasion he had looked at me—in the halls, at basketball practice once—with a sly, cocky, up-under expression, the same way he had looked at me that night out in his brother's car. It had been a bit unsettling, but he had never said anything. Watching one another now in the warm September air over a year later, the incident seemed to hang between us with all the force of a physical entity, simultaneously threatening and promising. Slowly a familiar smile stretched Dale's thin lips, making his mouth curl up in a very sexy way. "You wanna go for a ride after the dance?" he asked me.

I stared at him even harder, feeling the whiskey, feeling a stirring in my groin. I tried to hold his eyes, for I sensed that he was somehow testing me,

checking me out to see if I was still interested in the old games. He was horny, that was all there was to it.

And so was I. He was so damned cute leaning there against the doorway of his car in his neatly pressed shirt, his Levi's and brightly polished leather boots, his hair tumbling across his forehead.

“Sure,” I said.

His smile became a grin as his eyes fell down to the front of his bluejeans. With one hand he traced the outline of his cock, apparently semi-erect, and then he looked back up at me. His look was quiet, calming, yet somehow glowering. He said softly, still rubbing his crotch, “You’re gonna get this big prick tonight, buddy.”

It was something about the way he said it—it was like a threat, a warning—and I couldn’t stand still. I was immediately hot and shivering with anticipation, at the same time I was scared and could not look him in the eye. Dale took another swill of the whiskey and then screwed the lid back on and returned the bottle to the glove compartment.

I left with him as soon as the dance was over. In his old Ford we drove out to the country, out to the dirt road where he had once taken me. We were both very different people now, and we were tense with one another during the drive.

Dale stopped the car along the road. This time there was no uncertainty in his voice—he seemed to know exactly what he wanted and how to go about getting it. When he climbed wordlessly into the back seat, I followed. He leaned back against the door, his legs spread wide as he unzipped his bluejeans and pushed them down around his thighs.

Moving towards him, I gripped the jutting, steel-hard cock in one hand. His prick was larger than I’d remembered it and his balls, low-slung, were thickly covered with hair, as were his strong lean thighs. Dale’s head remained against the back-seat window, his eyes closed, as he whispered, “Feel my prick up good, then I’ll give it to you.”

With mounting excitement, my hands began to work on the throbbing piece of meat. I stroked his cock with the tips of my fingers and pulled at the heavy balls at the same time. The flesh was hot and sweet-smelling and luxurious. I traced the outline of a vein which ran from the root up to the tip of his dick and the slit in the head exuded a little moisture; I realized that he was really excited. With both hands I gripped his prick, one hand at its root,

the other at its head, and I began to rub it up and down, very hard but very slowly.

“Goddamn, that feels good,” Dale moaned, his eyes still closed, his legs spread wide. “Shit,” he said, “I wish you was a girl... I’d fuck you all over this fuckin’ car.”

My breath was coming hard as I manipulated his cock frantically. And I heard myself saying, my mouth close to his shoulder, “You can still fuck me all over the car if you want to.”

He opened his eyes, looked at me. The supercilious arrogance in his expression no longer turned me off—it excited me now. “Is that what you want?” he said. “Like the last time?”

“Yes,” I admitted, feeling lost and out of control, thinking somewhere of the beautiful nights spent with Danny and the joy and wonder of my best friend, thinking that the scene being enacted with Dale Benton was far from the sweetness of those countless nights with Danny, but too excited, too wild now to control myself, to even care. “Yes,” I said, “that’s what I want... will you fuck me?”

“Sure, I’ll fuck you,” Dale said slowly, with a meditative look, not unlike a scowl, on his handsome face. There was a brief silence and then he added, suddenly staring me directly in the eye, “But you’ll have to kiss it first.”

“What?” I said, not entirely understanding.

“My prick,” he said, still staring fiercely into my eyes. “If you want my prick, then kiss my prick.”

“You mean—?”

“That’s right... get down there and kiss my dick... show me how much you want a fucking.”

We looked at one another for what seemed a long time, then I returned my eyes to his cock, still hard and throbbing in my hands. And looking at it—the object of so much desire—kissing it didn’t seem like such a repugnant idea after all. Slowly I lowered my mouth to the thick head of the organ. I kissed his cock, very lightly. I withdrew my mouth but continued to lean across it, holding the prick upward toward my face as if it were a shrine.

Dale’s hands were on top of my head, strong and urgent, holding me down to his crotch. When I accidentally moved, the cockhead brushed against my nose and my mouth was against the warm trunk.

“Put my dick in your mouth,” Dale said. His voice was peculiarly deep, demanding, self-assured.

I hesitated.

“Go ahead,” he said. “Just open your mouth and let me stick my prick in it. Just once... all right?”

I opened my mouth wide, so wide that my jaws ached, and enveloped the head of the cock. For a while I remained immobile, the organ in my mouth. I discovered that it was not unpleasant at all. When I closed my mouth on his cock my jaws were no longer stretched so wide; my mouth grew comfortable around the flesh.

Dale had begun to squirm a bit in the seat. “Thataboy,” he murmured, and then he shoved upward, sending part of the trunk into my throat, his hands grabbing hold of my head to hold me securely down upon the hot, throbbing meat. “Oh, that’s great,” he moaned. “Suck it, Paul... you know how... come on... I’ll bet you suck Danny all the time...” He was undulating his hips, causing the cock to slither in and out of my mouth against my tongue and my teeth. “Go ahead,” he insisted, “suck my cock!”

A little reluctantly—but with increasing excitement—I began to move my mouth up and down upon the hard shaft of his prick. I stretched out so that I was lying sideways with my face in his groin, and Dale rearranged his legs, slinging one up around my shoulder on the back rest so that he was reclining even more and his cock was directly in line with my face. “That’s the way,” he breathed harshly, “suck it... go all the way down on it.”

All the way down... I opened my mouth very wide and tried to swallow the cock to its hilt. Dale kept encouraging me, almost begging me. It became a goal to me, just to make it with my mouth down to the root of his rock-hard dick. Eventually I made it, and I almost choked, but the sound of pleasure which came from Dale Benton’s throat made it worthwhile. Gradually I moved from the root back up to the head, pressing tightly in with my lips, careful not to scrape his cock with my teeth, and Dale moaned and stroked the back of my neck gratefully.

Again I did it, all the way down to the V of his crotch. It was getting easier. I felt the head of his cock lodged deep in my throat, felt his hairy balls against my chin. It was a marvelous sensation.

“Oh, that’s great,” Dale sighed, “You make a terrific cocksucker... I knew you would... Suck it, Paul, suck it good, suck that dick...”

The words he was moaning sounded both derisive and congratulatory; my excitement increased until I could hardly stand it. My mouth went wildly into action, swallowing the hot cock to its base and working back up in the way I sensed was pleasing to him. The meaty shaft became wet and slippery from my saliva. When at one point I accidentally let it slide out, Dale grabbed me roughly by the neck and shoved my face down into his balls. The smell was hot and humid and acrid—his wet cock against my face, his balls pressing into my lips. I opened my mouth and took both balls into my throat, rolling them around upon my tongue. Dale's body contorted and shook. He slung one leg around my neck and held me to the position. As I licked his balls and the insides of his lanky thighs, Dale's hand found his cock and he began to jerk it up and down furiously. With alarm I realized that he was about to come. With even greater alarm I realized that he was bending the pulsating cock back towards my lips. In one wild desperate moment of thoughtless abandon, I opened my mouth and allowed him to shove it down my throat... and immediately he came, the hot salty cream gushing in spurts into my mouth. I choked and tried to escape. Dale held me with both hands, pinned me to his cock, insisted I take the huge load of come. I thought he would never stop shooting. He filled my mouth with his come; some of the sticky liquid ran down my chin. "Take it!" Dale demanded in a hoarse whisper. And finally, with a shudder, he relinquished the last drop... deep in my throat.

He was so exhausted he did not move for a while, even after I had taken my mouth from around his cock and was lying with my head in his lap (I was afraid to look up and face him). He just sat there, his whole body limp, his arms draped around my head, his legs outstretched in the floorboard with his pants still down around his knees. He breathed heavily for a few minutes before sighing, "Wow, why didn't you tell me you were such a great cocksucker? I would have been lettin' you eat me all this time."

"It was the first time I ever did that," I said, my voice a shadow of a voice, weak and afraid and not understanding.

"Don't give me that shit," Dale said. "I bet you've blown Danny plenty of times."

"I haven't," I protested. "I swear I haven't."

Dale laughed. "Don't get so shook up," he said. "I ain't gonna tell anybody."

Tell anybody. I had never before considered the possibility. I had sucked Dale Benton's cock. I had let him shoot in my mouth! Just like that, it had happened. None of the guys, even while playing around with one another, would ever do such a thing—I knew that for sure. Even Danny had never in all these years asked me to do that to him! This was different, this was not “fooling around” anymore. I was too old... and I had gone too far.

“Hell,” Dale chuckled smugly, “I always did think you was kinda queer.”

And that word. Suddenly, I knew what it meant. I had never really thought about it before. A heavy sinking feeling engulfed me. I raised up, unable to touch his body any longer. As a desperate defense, I pretended not to understand. I asked him what he meant.

Dale didn't waste any time telling me, nor did he spare me anything. “You're a fag, man,” he laughed. “Don't you even know that? You suck cock, don't you? Well, that's what queers do... you know, homosexuals.”

I wasn't that... I knew I wasn't... I couldn't be! I denied it vehemently to myself as well as to Dale, who only laughed and began to tuck himself back in his jeans and zip up. “Cut it out, man,” he said. “Shit, I don't care what you are... in fact I can use you when I'm horny. Don't worry, I'll keep it a secret.” He yawned then, stretched his legs. “I'm sleepy,” he said, “let's get back to town.”

Sunday afternoon I went down to the public library. And when I left, walking slowly down the hot, treeless September sidewalks of the little prairie town where I had spent my whole life, I knew what I was.

Those following months were the loneliest I had ever known. I seldom went out, never wanted to be around anybody. All I did was lie in my bedroom and watch the summer turn into autumn, the autumn into winter. I did not even see much of Danny during that time. I was afraid to see him, afraid that if I spent the night with him I would want him in this new way—with the knowledge that my desire was “unnatural”.

I felt doomed, lost, cut off from the reality of other people, the “normal” people. I was afraid that I would never again know the affection I had known with Danny Sullivan; I thought that if he ever knew what I was he would undoubtedly treat me with the same contempt Dale Benton harbored. Anyway, Danny had changed more than ever in the past year. He was preoccupied with his girl friend and our sexual proclivities had long been a

sort of sideline for Danny. That autumn I began to feel alienated from him, as well as from everyone else, and Danny and I began to drift apart for the first time since we had met.

My biggest comfort in those months of distress turned out to be Jim and Dorothy. They were living in Oreville and they came over frequently, always for Sunday dinner. They quickly perceived my morose mood and urged my parents not to nag me; without understanding at all, they were very understanding. And in November Jim asked me to go along with him on a deer-hunting expedition in the mountains of New Mexico.

I wasn't certain until the last week whether I wanted to go or not. I knew the plan had been cooked up between Jim and my dad—two adults in a conspiracy to cheer up a kid going through a phase, that was how they viewed it. I liked Jim, though. He wasn't so much an adult as were my parents, he was at least young enough for me to relate to and to admire. He continued to impress me by his bigness and his good looks, just as he impressed all the kids my age, and I was proud to have him as a brother-in-law. I was just a bit nervous around him, the way I was around all grownups. But eventually I decided to go along.

We left early one morning. Driving through Oreville in the early hours, before the town had yet awakened itself to face the monotonous gray day ahead, wide-awake and excited in the warm cab of the Ford pickup with my brother-in-law, the oppressive, weighted-down feeling began to lift. And when Jim turned on the radio and the familiar country music blasted out cheerfully, I was glad that I had made the decision to go, glad to be with Jim, glad that I felt a secure family-feeling toward him at last.

With great ease, Jim established a sense of warmth and security between us. We had never been together by ourselves for a long period of time before, but as we drove towards the foothills of the New Mexico border he chatted openly, encouraging my confidence, sharing his private world with me as if I were another adult. It was very flattering. At the time Jim seemed terribly mature and even wise (although now, in retrospect, I see him as a typical southwestern roughneck, decidedly a product of his generation). But in the cab of the pickup on that winter day nearly a decade ago, Jim Andrews was something quite wonderful and unique in my eyes. We talked all the way, like two long-lost friends reunited. Jim made several offhand allusions toward my recent spell of depression, implying not officiousness but concern, but he did not pressure me to talk about anything I didn't wish to discuss.

We stopped one place in New Mexico and got a couple six-packs of Coors. I was very impressed by how Jim sipped the beer as he drove. He slowed down to a steady sixty, keeping the bottle between his legs as he hunched over the steering wheel in his sheepskin-collared leather jacket, eyes always on the road, even when he reached for the beer and took a sip. He kept his window vent open in order to let out the cigarette smoke; the wind came whistling inside and competed with the twanging hillbilly radio music.

I drank a beer with him and it relaxed me all over, made me eager for his attention and eager to be his friend. I was almost believing, in the way of all flattered adolescents, that I was my brother-in-law's peer.

Jim began to speak even more intimately after we had been drinking awhile. "Just between you and me," he chuckled once, "it sure feels great to be away from your sister for a bit."

I looked at him, not quite comprehending, and he caught my puzzled look from the corners of his eyes; then he laughed his charming good-natured laugh and explained, "It isn't that I don't love Dorothy... hell, she's everything in the world to me. You know that. But sometimes it does a man

good to get away from women for a while... off to himself, or with friends. You'll understand that someday when you get married. Men are different from women. They need more excitement... a change of pace now and then. Most women... like your sister... they're content to just be with the man they love all the time. That's all it takes to make 'em happy."

It's funny now to realize just how little Jim knew about women—apparently, even about my sister Dorothy (they're divorced now; she is living alone in California)—but at that time I found his reasoning quite perceptive. I watched him drive for a few moments and then, feeling loose and undaunted, I asked him, "Don't you ever get tired of sleeping with the same woman every night? I mean, don't you ever get the urge to go out and raise hell and screw another woman?"

Jim chuckled to himself. "Sure," he nodded, "I get those urges all the time. There's a lot of drawbacks to being married... lots of times it ain't as much fun as when I was single. Hell, if I had my way I'd go out and fuck every good-looking woman I could get my hands on. But you can't do that and stay married."

"Have you ever done it with anyone else?" I asked him then. The encroaching darkness and the warmth of the alcohol was making it easier for us to cross the barriers of intimacy with one another. After knowing Jim all those years as an unapproachable adult it seemed strange—yet paradoxically very easy, natural—to be asking him such questions.

Jim had an uncertain smile on his lips as he drove in silence for several moments. Presently he said, "All this is just between me and you, isn't it?"

"Sure," I said. "I know how to keep my mouth shut. I understand... I really do."

Jim's shoulders relaxed somewhat as he sat back, driving comfortably once more. "Yeah," he answered, "I've been with a couple other women since I got married. It didn't mean anything to me... just quick lays. Shit, you know how it is. When you're horny and it's offered to you—it's pretty tough to turn down."

We went on talking in this manner for the remainder of the drive. Once Jim asked me directly about why I'd been in such a down-and-out mood the past few months, and I became very nervous, stammered out that I would rather not talk about it. I was rather embarrassed; his question had caught me off-guard and for one desperate moment I almost blurted out the truth. It would have been a luxury to do so, to say it, to tell somebody, one other

person who, older and wiser, might understand. But I couldn't. Something inside told me that the confession would be shocking to Jim. Jim was too happy to be on the trip, too full of good will and simple pleasure to burden him with my problems. I could tell, however, that Jim was quite aware of how disconcerted I became from the inquiry, and he looked thoughtful as he drove.

We came to the little two-room cabin around ten o'clock that night. The place was high up in the mountains, the house nestled between groves of tall somber pines, dark and cold and exciting in the wild night. It was a place which almost demanded a reverent quietness, so untouched was it by civilization. I unloaded the pickup while Jim went inside and began making a fire to warm the house up.

We still had one six-pack of beer left. Jim put the bottles out in a patch of snow beneath the front porch of the cabin. For half an hour we paced the floors in our coats, shivering and rubbing our hands together, but eventually the fireplace began to generate its heat and, comfortable again, we took off the burdensome coats and pulled up chairs before the crackling hearth. Drinking beer and talking cheerfully, we cleaned the rifles and began to arrange our gear for an early start in the morning.

Lightheaded from the beer, and happy with anticipation of the impending hunt, I undressed and climbed up into the top bunk around eleven o'clock. I snuggled underneath the heavy quilts and stared down at the blazing fire, smelling the burning logs and the musty smells of the long unused hunting lodge. And in the dark corner bunk, barely lit by the flickering yellow-orange fire, I watched my brother-in-law preparing for bed.

He went into the bathroom and when he came out he had his colorful western shirt unbuttoned down the front, revealing his massive, hairless chest. It was exciting to watch him, knowing that he could not see my eyes in the darkness. He sat on the arm of one of the dusty old chairs to remove his high-heeled cowboy boots. Then he stood up and pulled the pearl-button shirt off his back, dropped it over the chair, and reached for the buckle of his belt.

It was then. The feeling stirred deep in the pit of my stomach, rushed through my legs, centered in my groin. I took a deep breath and for a moment tried not to look, to close my eyes. I couldn't.

The firelight caught up the brilliant silvers and golds of the big square buckle. It was a western-style belt of thick brown leather and flourished engravings; my father had given it to him for Christmas the year before. I watched on as the thick metal plate of the buckle dropped down onto the front of his thigh as Jim, with one stroke of his hand, ripped open the buttons of his fly and peeled off the Levi's. He stepped out of the jeans, throwing them over the chair alongside the crumpled shirt. His long, solid legs were bathed in the yellow light as he reached down and pulled off his socks. For some reason I kept staring at his feet—huge, knobby, big-boned feet with widely parated toes. Yawning, Jim scratched his muscle-laden chest for a moment and then moved towards the bunkbeds. The heavy mound in his jockey-shorts jiggled alarmingly with the movement.

I heard him getting into bed. I was lying on my stomach, pressing myself hard into the mattress, feeling my head spinning from both the alcohol and the excitement of having seen Jim in a state of undress for the first time since that night many years ago... I had almost forgotten just how magnificent his body was.

I had a hard-on up in the darkness, alone. I was tormentedly aware of the man down below me; I could hear his breathing, I could hear every sound he made as he turned or moved beneath his blankets. It seemed impossible that he could not be just as aware of my proximity—the room was so small and cozy and the fire so reassuring that you could feel the wildness and beauty of the world directly outside the log walls. We were surrounded by wilderness, but inside our cubicle we were together, the only people in the world. Across the room, leaning against the wall, were our two rifles in their leather cases; traces of the pungent rifle oil still lingered in the air, intermingling with the other smells.

It was not a desperate act, what I did. It was not motivated by feelings or desires which were uncontrollable. My feelings were more sensual than they were sexual. There was love inside me, and gratitude for the security Jim had given me. And something else had come upon me unawares, and it was the strongest of all the emotions welling up in my breast, and in my mind. Most of all it was this—I wanted more than anything in the world that night to bring back a certain excitement, the excitement of innocence meeting experience, of being a child touching a man as in that hot summer day of my memory when two bodies in a congested public pool had momentarily, sweetly touched. I wanted to dissolve the concept of ugliness

and shame instilled in me by Dale Benton. I wanted to be close against the body of a friend who, being older and wiser, would automatically understand all and tell me that my life was going to be okay. I had to know that everything was going to be okay from now on, that the depression and the confusion would never return.

I climbed down from the top bunk and stood at the edge of Jim's bed. He was breathing steadily, asleep. When I nudged him he grunted a little and looked up, not seeing very well, then he murmured something and moved over toward the wall. "You cold?" he said drowsily, perhaps in his sleep.

"Yeah, I'm cold," I said as I climbed in beside him, scooting under the heavy covers until I felt the luxurious warmth of his great body.

Jim was lying on his back, one arm flung up over his face. The covers had fallen about midway down his chest, right below his nipples, and I put one arm around his waist, above the covers, as I lay close to him, my head pressed against his shoulder. I could feel one of my legs down below touching his solid thigh; the hairs of his body tickled my relatively smooth legs.

The world had never been so wonderful, so simple—not since childhood. I cuddled against him, feeling very small and very protected by him, watching the side of his broad handsome face in the leaping yellow firelight.

Comfortable and secure, I lay like this until I had almost fallen asleep. Then Jim turned over and, because the bed was so small, his movement awakened me. He had moved onto his side, still asleep, so that he was directly facing me. I felt his crotch pressing into my knees; he was so large that his pelvic area encompassed the width of both my knees pressed together. The soft mound of flesh underneath his shorts exuded a special heat, and it immediately caused me to have a hard-on all over again. I lay still, hardly daring to breathe.

Slowly he began to move against me. He rubbed his crotch against my knees, revolving his hips around and around until I felt the soft flesh beginning to swell and spread, felt an enormous tentpole bulge where once there had only been a great heap of soft, spongy, resilient flesh. Jim became still after a few minutes, but he continued to lie with his tremendous hard-on mashed hard into the bones of my kneecaps.

It all seemed very nice, very close. I moved my arm underneath the covers, ran my hand down across his perfect chest, down to his flat hard stomach, and then on down to touch the hardness through the underwear. What I felt sent tremors of both fear and excitement through my body. I had seen the pricks on boys before, had played with them, understood them—but this was something else entirely. Underneath my hand was the cock of a grown man, a big man. I had my hand above a cock of such extraordinary width and length that I could not even visualize it, except for that hazy time-clouded recollection of a great ponderous organ swinging with the movements of Jim's legs one day.

I slipped both hands down beneath the heavy quilts and I hooked my fingers into the waistband of his shorts. Tightening my hold, I started to edge the briefs downward. Then I felt the head of his cock, hot and moist and as big around as the bottom of the beer bottle I'd been holding earlier! I couldn't stand it any longer. I slid one hand down into his underwear and felt for myself what had for so long been the object of my fascination.

I had never, not in my wildest imagination, suspected anything like what I gripped with my hand—or, more accurately, attempted to grip. The head of the cock, jutting upward far out of the top of the shorts, was like a gigantic mushroom, a hard knobby weapon capable of slaughter. The trunk below, nine or ten inches of it, was so wide around that it took both my hands to encircle it. His balls were huge—each one a handful—and covered with a jungle brush of coarse curly hair which ran on downward to cover the thick, rock-hard thighs. With a shuddering gasp, I wondered if all grown men were hung like this and concluded that it was very unlikely—surely my brother-in-law was something of a rarity with all this equipment between his legs. Overcome with awe, breathing hard with excitement, I stroked the length of the ramrod prick with one hand and caressed the heavy balls with the other, delicately pulling at the profuse hair which began right at the root of the organ and ran on down into the crack of his buttocks, which I also felt, finding them hard and flat, like two steel plates over which his skin had been tautly stretched. For several minutes I worshiped his virility with my hands, forgetting everything, overwhelmed with the sense of physical power exuded by the body next to me, overwhelmed too with his totally masculine scent, stronger now than all the other scents of the old hunting cabin. Jim made a strange sound deep in his throat and

stirred a little on the bed; then he spread his legs wider apart, allowing my hand the freedom to wander on down to the very base of his balls.

And my hand was down there, deep between his legs, when suddenly Jim opened his eyes. At first he seemed not to see me, then I realized his eyes had grown wide with surprise and alarm. “What the fuck—?” he said, sitting up abruptly in the bed and staring at me with what was now apparent disbelief.

Stunned, I lay on my side, my hand remaining inadvertently between his legs, staring at him and finding myself unable to speak, too frightened by the look on his face. It was the look a man gets preparatory to striking out with his fist.

“What the hell are you doing?” he said.

“I was cold,” I mumbled, “so I got in bed with you.”

“Well, what the fuck are you doin’ in my underwear... like a goddamned queer?”

And suddenly I knew that it had been all wrong, I had made the most terrible mistake of my life. Suddenly I was sober and the magic and the warmth and the closeness were gone, vanished. My sister’s husband had caught me playing with his cock while he’d been asleep, and now everyone would know what I was.

Obviously the world had ended. Terrified, inarticulate with despair and horror at both myself and the situation, I did something I’d not done in many years—I cried. Without wanting to, without knowing I was going to do it, I felt the hot tears streaming down my cheeks. I flung myself against Jim’s chest, my arms clinging to his neck like a child seeking solace, or perhaps salvation, and I cried against his strong muscular body. Jim, mute with shock, continued to sit up in the bed, merely looking down at me, trying to comprehend and digest my hysterical explanation.

“Please don’t hate me, Jim,” I whimpered. “I can’t help it, it’s the way I am. I don’t know why... what happened... I wasn’t trying to do anything ugly with you, honest. I just wanted to sleep next to you because I was cold and... please help me, Jim... tell me what to do... I want to be like you and other fellows but something’s wrong and...”

He cut me off after a while by pushing me back from him a way, just enough so that he could look down into my face. His smooth handsome face was wrinkled with confusion, the bushy brows crinkling, as we stared at one another. And slowly he began to understand, although I could tell

that it was the last thing in the world he had ever expected. His beautiful, thickly lashed eyes became lucid and penetrating, and then he bent his head in order not to look at me at all. The top of his great head, prickly with the crew-cut hair, touched my forehead in a scratchy way as he thought over the situation. "So that's it," he said finally, deliberately. "So that's it." There was a long silence in which I struggled to perceive the meaning behind his solemn tone of voice. Then he said, "So you're queer, huh?" and looked me directly in the eye.

This time it was I who could not look at him. My face turned down. I felt small and helpless next to him. It was as if my fate were in my brother-in-law's hands now.

He moved over me, flinging his tremendous legs over the side of the bed, moving away from the lower bunk. I watched nervously as he crossed the room.

When he began walking back towards the bed, I saw—and my heart sunk. Everything within me wanted to scream out with fury and pain and denial, yet, at the same time, I felt a tingling excitement stirring down in my groin once more—the excitement which made me despise myself. For Jim had retrieved from the first-aid kit a jar of Vaseline and he was walking forward with it in his hand.

I moved to the opposite corner of the bunk, pressing against the wall. Jim came to the bed, sat on the side. His long, limp cock lay coiled up on one thigh as he looked at me very hard. It was the look on his face that left me cold and shattered inside, for he was looking at me not with kindness, not with friendship any longer, but with the subtle contempt, even arrogance, with which Dale Benton had regarded me.

"Jim," I moaned, "please... not this."

"Come over here," he said. His voice was quiet but adamant.

"It's not what I want from you!" I cried, pressing myself against the rough log wall.

Jim's eyes traveled slowly down his broad torso, resting on the incredible organ which dangled between his thighs now. "I know what you want," he said as he looked back at me. "Get back down on the bed and I'll give it to you."

We stared at one another. Jim began to fondle his cock and it jutted up a little, not completely hard, but still enormous. My eyes searched his body. I glanced at the big knobby feet, the chest, the athletic shoulders. Jim's eyes,

level and glacial, stared back. Suddenly I realized that I had a hard-on just from looking him over again, and I blushed, ashamed of having betrayed myself. Then Jim reached out and patted the center of the bed and I moved obediently over, resigned to my own lust and Jim's perception of it. I lay on my stomach with my head buried in the pillow, not wanting Jim to see the redness in my cheeks. The fireplace crackled contemptuously and cast grotesque shadows on the cabin walls.

I felt the mattress sag as Jim moved his great body onto it, somewhere down around my thighs. I heard him opening the bottle of Vaseline and then a new terror gripped me. How would I ever take that huge man-sized cock? How could he possibly put that enormity inside me without ripping me apart?

I didn't have time to contemplate the dilemma. I felt the giant hands on my legs. Jim was rolling me over onto my back. I gave a weak, futile resistance, but his hands were strong, persistent. Within a matter of seconds I was on my back looking up at him. Jim was on his knees, moving in between my legs, stretching them apart by gripping me around the ankles.

"I can't, Jim," I murmured. "You'll kill me... please, not this..."

Jim swept my legs up in his hands and bent them backward, all the way back over my head. Nobody had ever done this to me before and it was both frightening and exciting. As he moved his huge hard body into the arc he had formed, Jim said to me, "If you're old enough to want a man like a woman, then you're old enough to take a cock like a woman."

The terrible cock jutted straight up from between his thighs as he moved up against my buttocks. It was slick and shining from the Vaseline. I noted that the bulky, oversized head had great globs of the-lubricant stuck to it.

He was leaning over me as he sought out my asshole with his cockhead. His face and his body were too thrilling now for me to even consider resisting; I made my body relax all over. As if with a will of their own, my arms reached upward and I stroked his chest, running my fingers down the deep crevice, exalting in his muscular frame.

Jim was smiling a little, as if amused to discover he had been right about me—to know for sure just how much I did want it. As if hypnotized, I watched passively as his rippling, vein-protruding arms encircled my thighs, watched wordlessly as he spread my legs even wider apart, so that my ass was exposed and stretched before his cock.

He moved forward on his knees. His eyes sparkled with contempt, a terrible look. "I don't know about the boys today," he said, "but this is how we took care of queers when I was a kid."

He seemed to have completely forgotten that I was his brother-in-law, that he had always liked me, that we were friends. Suddenly I hated him, hated his eyes and the cruel strength of his body. I writhed and struggled, trying to free my legs from his arms. He squeezed in with his biceps, exerting pressure, holding me securely. Then he laughed to himself.

But I was not playing a game. I was serious—I wanted to be free from him, his body terrified me. And when my eyes fell down once again to the great organ between his legs, a weapon of slaughter like the deer rifles in the corner, when I saw the cold, sticky, distended mushroom of a cockhead waiting to plunge itself into my body, I began to fight him with all the energy inside me. I swung out at him with one hand, catching him on the side of the head, and Jim's face turned red with fury. The mocking laughter died in his eyes and the shock which registered on his face gave me a bitter, vindictive pleasure.

His arms bore down on me with a painful power. "All right," he said menacingly, "now that's enough."

"Let me up, you bastard!" I shouted.

His hands stretched my legs so wide apart that I felt my body would snap in two; groaning, I bit my tongue and implored him with my eyes. His eyes were brutal now, merciless. "Look here, you little faggot, I'm gonna fuck your ass whether you like it or not, so be still or you're gonna get hurt."

"Get off me!" I shouted. "You're hurting me... I hate you... I hate your body...!"

"Tough shit," Jim chuckled to himself. "You think I give a shit whether some faggot likes me or not? Now you just lay still and enjoy it 'cause I'm gonna show you what it feels like to have a real man fuck you."

And with that he plunged forward with his agile hips, sending the head of his cock, slimy with the grease, right up into my asshole. I moaned from its sharp sting but I managed to muffle the cry with one hand and, for my own benefit, to keep my muscles relaxed. Jim was on his knees between my legs, looking down at me, a faint, sarcastic smile playing on his lips at my discomfiture.

"Hell," he drawled slowly, "that didn't seema bit hard. You been assfucked before, haven't you, you little hypocrite?"

I did not answer. I turned my head sideways on the pillow, not looking at him.

Jim laughed. Then he moved forward, and it began. I felt the gargantuan cock edging its way up into the depths of my ass. Jim moved slowly, giving it to me inch by inch, not out of any consideration for me, but simply because he was intrigued with the gradual evolution from pain to pleasure on my face. The entrance of the organ into my body was unlike anything I had ever known, had ever imagined. The pain was so excruciating that at times the warm column of cockmeat seemed like a living entity, something separated from the body above me, tunneling its way inside. But when I looked at him, looked at the magnificent, terrible body and the face which for years I had loved, then it was different. Pleasure intermingled with the agony and became something so composite that I cried out in wild abandon and wanted the experience to last forever. I couldn't help myself. I moved my arms upward, touched his chest, so smooth and strong.

Jim sneered. "Just as I thought," he said as he shoved his cock brutally into me. "You're gettin' to like it, aren't you, you little pussy?"

As if with a will of their own, my arms encircled his thick, bullish neck and I clung to him, clung to him with all the strength inside me, hating him, hating myself, hating us together. But it was true.

Jim was a man in the most primitive and evocative sense of the word. It was as wonderful as it was terrible. I was holding onto him, holding a beautiful animal who straddled me, between my legs, his awesome chest towering over me, his virile, oversized cock grinding up inside my ass, and I was holding him with lithe young arms, holding precariously, trembling with fear and longing, to his vast, muscular neck.

Finally his prick was all the way in. I felt our bodies locked together. Still on his knees between my outspread legs, Jim draped my legs over his enormous shoulders and I locked my feet behind his neck. The insides of my thighs were pressed flat up against his chest, and I writhed with a joyous madness at the sensation and let my hands drop to the place between our bodies where his huge hairy balls tickled my smooth ass.

"Is it big enough for you?" Jim asked facetiously.

"Yes," I moaned. "Oh, fuck, yes."

"You like my dick up in there?"

“Yes. I love it... I love it...”

He chuckled, a short, barking, contemptuous sound. “You ready to be fucked?” he said.

“Yes!” I shouted, squeezing his balls hard in my hands.

And the cockthrusts began. At first I felt the hard prick moving deep within me, a first hint of what was to ensue. I realized that my own cock was throbbing and pulsating against his stomach. Then Jim withdrew his ramrod prick about halfway out and very slowly shoved it back in to the hilt. Tightening my leg hold around his neck, I began to move a little with him; he seemed to like it. He thrust in the same slow easy manner for several minutes, and then he came down completely on top of me, crushing me beneath his powerful body, and my legs slipped down from his shoulders to wrap around his back.

The thrusting became sharper, deeper, more intense. “Move with me,” he whispered huskily. He was so big that, lying prone on me as he was, his head was much higher upon the bed than my own was. My face was pressed hard against his chest, and I was smothered by his enormous body, intoxicated with the smells and the feel of his flesh. I began to move my hips in rhythm with his thrusting and his grinding and his gyrating. Jim’s breath was coming heavier and he was making strange guttural sounds deep in his throat. Sweat ran down his body, meandering from his chest onto my cheeks in thin, hot streams. The power of his movements rocked my body up and down on the bed. The urgency built and increased with each thrust and I held him tightly, arms and legs locked around the immense back, reveling in the strangely wonderful pain-ecstasy he was bringing to me.

My arms sliding down his backside, I gripped the lean tight-skinned hips with my hands, digging in with my nails, drawing him furiously to me. Understanding, Jim increased the fervor of his thrusting activity even more. He began to pull his cock out to the very head and then to slam it all the way back inside until I felt his balls mashing against my asscheeks. I cried out and held on. And still I continued to move with him and to hold to his ass. I allowed some fingers to wander into the warm, moist crack and to dig for his asshole while he pounded in and out of me, fucking me thoroughly, deeply, totally, the way he would have fucked a woman whose opening had long been stretched to receive his colossal organ. The engorged shaft filled me, drove its way deep into me. It was something not to be stopped, no

matter how deeply it went, no matter how unready for it I was. It found its own path, ripping aside all that was in its way, invincible.

Then something began to happen to his cock, deep within me. I felt it surge, swell, balk. It twitched against the walls of the tunnel it had made for itself and then, as Jim drove it all the way home one final time, it spewed out the evidence of the man's virility all up inside me. I felt the warm cream rushing like a turbulent river into my stomach, felt Jim's heavy body heaving and relinquishing all its tension, felt him becoming quiet on me. Clasping his hips, I held him inside me until the very last. The cock softened inside me, then hardened again, and then curled up and began to glide out, aided by the moistness of the Vaseline and the sticky come.

He shook his body like a great animal and then sighed and rolled over on his back on the opposite side of the bunkbed. I lay still, panting, trying to catch my breath, trying to arrange my thoughts. I waited for a long time, hoping he would speak to me, reassure me—anything. Jim never spoke. Presently I heard his steady breathing and I knew that he was asleep. He was finished with me, it was obvious. I got out of his bunk and climbed back up to the dark lonely cubicle where I should have remained to begin with.

The hunting trip with Jim was one of the most baffling and irritating experiences I had known. He continued to make use of my body whenever he felt horny, and he was not exactly unkind to me so long as we were together in the mountains, separated from the rest of the world. But his contempt for my needs was obvious, and I knew that we would never be friends after the hunting adventure. One night in the bunk as he pulled himself out of me and rolled back over to his side of the bed he told me, "If you ever tell Dorothy about this I'll kill you." His threat left me oddly terrified and alienated—not that I had ever had any intention of telling my sister, for my own shame was greater than anything Jim felt.

The trip for Jim was fairly successful—he got an eight-pointer—and the drive back to Arizona with him was not unpleasant, although decidedly more reticent. But the closer we came to home, I noted, the quieter and more withdrawn Jim became—sullen even, and uncomfortable. He grew curt with me; by the time he dropped me off at my house he had come to regard me with overt hostility. "Remember," came his last words to me after all we had gone through together, "not a word of anything to anyone." No sign of affection, not even the, playful slug on the shoulder which had once been his way of communicating comradeship.

It was about seven o'clock on a Friday evening when we got in. My parents weren't at home, but I got into the house by a garage key. As I entered the house and went upstairs to take a hot bath, I slowly realized that a change had taken place in me. Where remorse, guilt, and fear had once been, there now flared a strange, unprecedented anger. It continued to build inside me as I soaked in the tub; it was difficult to understand, for I could not be certain at whom the anger was directed. I only knew that the feeling was much more satisfying than the aching loneliness I had experienced in this house for so long, more satisfying because at least the anger was intertwined with a reckless, defiant feeling which, stimulated me, made me feel alive again.

I lay back in the tub, buried up to my neck in steaming water and soapsuds. I thought about Jim and the way his body had felt upon my own. I thought about Jim with his smug grin as he told me to lie down and spread my legs for him and how afterward, his come dripping down my thighs, he had wanted nothing more to do with me, had affected annoyance at my physical proximity. And although I got a hard-on in the bathtub and excitedly ran my hand down between my legs, I felt, at the same time, a cold, humiliated fury at my brother-in-law and at the world.

I knew what I was, I knew what I wanted and what I had to have. But at the same time—those *bastards*, those rotten goddamned bastards!

Climbing out of the tub, I snatched a towel and roughly dried my body. I wrapped the towel around my waist and walked out into the hallway to the telephone.

He answered and I said, “Dale?”

“Yeah?”

“This is Paul.”

An almost imperceptible hesitation from his end of the line. Then, casually, “Oh, yeah, what’s up?”

“What are you doing tonight?” I asked him.

“Nothin’ special,” he said. “What about you?”

“That depends on you,” I said without a trace of embarrassment.

He became flustered for a moment, almost shy, trying to react through his surprise.

I helped him out. “Are you horny?” I asked him.

He got control of his voice then, laughing uncertainly, then interestedly. “Shit, yeah,” he said, “I’m always horny.”

“Well, I’m at my house,” I told him. “Pick me up in half an hour and I’ll do something about it for you.”

I hung up the phone and went into my bedroom. I was astonished at myself, not only by what I had done but because I felt no shame, no guilt. I stood looking at myself, naked, in the mirror. I was just as good-looking as anybody else and had just as much going for me. Why shouldn’t I go after what I wanted the way everyone else did? If I was going to be used, then I would find a way of using them back.

Less than an hour later the doorbell rang and I went down to open it. Dale was standing on the front porch, leaning cockily against the doorframe in his blue 4-H jacket and his Levi’s, his hands jammed in his front pockets.

The jeans, freshly starched and ironed, fit snugly around the mound of his crotch and over his pert, cutely wiggling ass. I looked him over brazenly, fondling him with my eyes, and he seemed to preen himself under my undisguised admiration. He liked it; I laughed out loud.

Without once making a direct reference to the basic reason we were together, the ultimate act itself, Dale let me know that it was too early to go out to the dirt roads—his relatives might be driving into or back from town at such an early hour on a Friday night. So we drove around Main Street for a while, talking casually, both of us furtively wondering where we could go. We stopped at the Dairy Queen for a bit, the place where all the high-school kids hung out.

The usual gang of boys milled about the premises, complaining over the lack of available pussy around town, speculating on whether a drive to the Mexican border might be worthwhile, discussing the pros and cons of chasing a heifer, half-serious and half-kidding. Dale and I left before long, deciding to go to the drive-in movie, ostensibly to see two John Wayne westerns that were playing. I knew that Dale figured by the time the movies were over we could go on out to his uncle's pasture.

It was a cold night and not too many people were at the drive-in. The theater was only open on weekends throughout the winter months and generally showed reruns at that. Dale parked the jalopy off to the far left side of the fenced-in grounds behind the concession stand, in an area where there were no other spaces occupied. He let the heater run for a while after we had parked and pulled the static-blurred old speaker into the back window. In silence he lit a cigarette and sat back watching the film; he seemed to find it pretty interesting.

There was nobody parked close enough to see anything so I moved over near the middle of the front seat arid let my hand rest on Dale's leg. He looked around a little warily but saw there were no cars nearby and that we were blanketed by the night. He sat back and appeared to relax, his eyes still riveted on the screen, to the noise of horse hooves and John Wayne's blustery voice. He was pretending to be unaware of my hand.

I pressed in with my fingers, feeling his lanky thighs through his jeans, remembering. I rubbed the top of his leg all the way down to his knee and then came back up and slipped my fingers down between his legs. He spread them wider apart. For a moment he caught the pointed toe of his boot underneath the accelerator, then he stretched the long leg over across

the floorboard, resting the heel of the boot on the dividing hump beneath the heater. His other leg was pressed against the car door—the V of his crotch was wide open for my hand.

I mashed hard against the bulge of his crotch with the palm of my hand, as I watched Dale's face in profile. When I pressed in very hard I saw that he batted his eyes once and his chest rose in a quick swell—still he did not look at me. I found the outline of his cock with my fingers. He was hardening. The long column of flesh was sticking out from beneath the bottom of his underwear on one side, running down his leg, hard against his thigh. I squeezed his dick, found the saber-curving head with only the jeans now separating it from my hand. I went downward, deeper between his legs, to discover that his balls and a good part of the hard trunk were still inside the underwear. I felt the balls.

Dale glanced at me then, his lips curling up in the familiar, sexy way. "Boy, you're sure askin' for it tonight, aren't you?" he grunted.

"I sure am," I replied, looking at him, catching his eye and holding it longer than made him comfortable. Shaking his head, grinning a little, he looked back up at the screen looming in the foreground. He wiggled his hips a little nervously. "Why don't you take it out so I can play with it?" I asked then.

"Why don't you?" he chuckled, a vague note of challenge in his voice that excited me enough to do it.

So I moved closer to him in the seat of the car, close enough that my left knee rubbed against his outspread right leg. I reached for his fly. He wore Levi's with a zipper rather than buttons, which made it somewhat easier. I unzipped his fly and when I couldn't get my hand inside very well, Dale went ahead and opened up his belt—it was a plain brown belt, no fancy buckle, so it proved an easy project getting his pants wide open. I reached down in the jeans, down there against his leg where his hard cock was stretched, like a long knobby bone, against the inside of his thigh. I touched the head, rubbing it against his leg for a moment, then I brought it back up through his underwear so that it stuck upright against his flat belly. After glancing suspiciously around once more to make sure nobody could see us, Dale lifted his hips and pushed his jeans and his underwear down around his thighs so that his cock and balls were loose and waiting.

His neck was now limp against the back of the seat, his eyes half-closed—the movie was forgotten. With one finger I found the deep vein in his

cock and traced it up to the head. Dale shivered and his chest began to rise and swell beneath the corduroy jacket. His breathing was irregular as he murmured, “Go ahead, man, do it.”

I tantalized him awhile, playing with his balls, stroking his prick very lightly, just enough to make him want more.

“Go ahead,” he repeated, more urgently this time. “Blow me. Blow me like you did the last time.”

“I’d rather you screw me,” I said, holding back, still feeling him with the tips of my fingers.

Dale was squirming all over the seat, grabbing my hand, forcing it to hold onto his cock harder. “I can’t screw you now,” he said hoarsely, “there ain’t any place to do it... come on, Paul, suck it... please...”

A little more satisfied, but still not completely appeased, I asked him, “If I blow you now will you promise to fuck me later?”

“Yeah,” he groaned, reaching with both hands for my head, shoving it down to his crotch.

I went down to him, but I still did not yet take him. I let my tongue run across the tops of his legs, all around his thighs and over his stomach, never quite touching either his cock or his low-slung—and now very tight—balls. “You’ve gotta promise,” I said against his stomach.

“I promise,” he snapped, his hands rough on the top of my head. “I’ll take you out to the ranch as soon as the movies are over. I’ll take you out there and fuck you as long as you want me to. Just get on with it, damnit!”

I lowered my mouth onto the curving head of the cock. My tongue darted first all over the protruding bulb, then down the trunk, flicking kisses over every inch of the hard meat. I worked my way down, nibbling with my teeth at the very root of the organ, at the point where it joined his abdomen and the wiry hair began. It was better this time. Somehow I was in command of the situation and the smells and tastes of him were more exciting, more pleasurable. His groans of appreciation for the various movements of my lips and tongue were like merits to me now. Recalling what had thrilled him so the last time, I sought out the rounded orbs of his scrotum with my mouth, took them both, rolled them around with my tongue. Dale convulsed in his seat, knocking my head momentarily into the steering wheel, then he sat back and held tightly to my head, wanting my mouth to remain where it was, loving what my warm mouth was doing to that even warmer section of his body.

Even when I removed the balls from my mouth and went back down upon the pulsating trunk of his cock, I held them with my hands, pressing in at the base, urging the sperm out as I worked rhythmically and tirelessly with my mouth, sliding my wet lips up and down the shaft until it was wet with my slobber. My whole head was buried in his crotch. I felt the coarse hair against my cheeks, tasted the warm acrid meat of his sex, smelled the fresh starch of his Levi's intermingled with the smells of his excited cock. I went on and on, never losing the rhythm. I went on diligently and expertly until the swollen cock erupted a flood of warm come into my throat and Dale Benton, frantically clasping the steering wheel of the car, dropped his head forward, his face going to where his arms were as, down below, I drained him with a pleasure I'd never before found myself capable of receiving from one-sided sex.

He kept his word, though. Whether because he was simply horny again or out of some loyalty to me, I wasn't sure which. But the moment the final gunfight faded from the screen of the dilapidated old drive-in theater and the cars began to race for the exit, leaving the ragged grounds to the cold night wind and the tumbleweeds, Dale started his engine and departed, turning at the highway not towards town but towards the prairie. He drove to the turnoff which led to his uncle's ranch and, without saying a word, parked the car alongside the dirt road. We sat in silence for a few minutes while Dale finished his cigarette. After one last heavy drag he crushed the butt in the ashtray, glanced at me, and nodded towards the back seat.

For the first time that night I had asserted myself, and I wasn't ready to stop. I wanted something from the experience too, and I told Dale as much. I wanted to lie on my back while he took me, and to work myself off with my hand, just as I had done one of the nights with Jim, up in the mountain cabin. Dale seemed reluctant at first. He was standing outside the open car door of the back seat, hands jammed in the front pockets of his Levi's, eying me skeptically as I got out of my clothes in the back, stripping myself naked. I realized that the more casual I pretended to be about the whole thing the greater the acceptance was in Dale's face. Taking a handkerchief from his back pocket and tossing it inside to me, he said, "All right, suit yourself... just don't get it all over the place... and by God don't get it on me."

I shivered from the cold, noticeably, and Dale came inside. The old car had no inside lights, which made it easier for Dale. The night was dark and

our bodies were shadowy. I was lying on my back, my legs spread wide to receive him, one foot draped over the front seat, the other on the back dash. Dale's body covered me. I squirmed against him, grateful for the weight and the subsequent warmth. He was too long-legged for us to be able to close the door. He opened up his bluejeans, let them drop around his hips, and moved into the arc I had formed for him. Hunching over me, he moved his hips around in an attempt to locate my asshole with his hard cock. I felt the head stabbing deep in my crack, jutting between my outspread legs, tickling me.

"Tell me where," Dale said quietly, a little impatiently.

"Lower."

He touched again, closer this time. "There?" he said. Again. "There?"

"Yes."

He shoved, once, twice. The third time it went in, straight and smooth and easy. There was very little pain—Jim Andrews had taken care of that. I reached for Dale's neck. At first, out of instinct, he recoiled, but I grasped the shoulders of the 4-H jacket and pulled him forward and down to me. His eyes clenched shut, he came to me, his body covering mine, the clothing scratching my naked body in a way that was simultaneously irritating and stimulating. His cock glided straight up inside me until I felt his balls touching the cheeks of my ass and his zipper, belt buckle, and the fly of his jeans scratching my thighs.

He was a bit uncomfortable for two reasons: the awkwardness of his position with his legs hanging outside the car, and because, for the first time, I was naked against him and in some way benefiting from the pleasure I was giving to him. He began to thrust very quickly, abruptly, rabbitlike, fucking me deep inside without bothering to pull out very far to thrust, hurrying toward orgasm the way he had a tendency to do.

Realizing what he was up to, I pushed him back, raising his chest up from mine. I indicated that he was to remain on his knees between my legs in order to allow me the freedom to manipulate my cock with my hand. He agreed, finding the position more comfortable anyway, as he could get more of his body inside the car and his legs need no longer drape out onto the dusty ground. So he lifted himself up to his knees, holding onto the back rest of the front seat with one hand for support, and continued his rapid thrusting. The position he was now in made it inevitable that his thrusts go

deeper, longer... and I began to really feel him then, to feel his strength and virility inside me, to feel that pain-pleasure of being taken by a male.

Frantically I began manipulating myself, keeping the handkerchief on my stomach, nearby. Dale's shoving into my body caused my head to bounce a little painfully against the window. Again he was hurrying, so I increased the speed of my hand. And the orgasm began building within me. I felt it rise in dizzy, rushing tides through my body at the same time I felt the hot, hard cock slamming me up and down against the window and the car seat. I felt it all together and was overwhelmed.

He came before I did. He plunged himself so hard into me that I lost my grip on myself and one leg fell down to drape around his shoulder. He ground himself deep into me then, his head thrown back, eyes closed, as he groaned softly and spurted the warm maleness into my ass. "Don't move!" I cried. "I'm almost there!" He began to grind his hips in a circular, pattern, working the last drop of sperm out inside me as frenetically I approached orgasm. The tide rose, abated, rose again, and then it swelled and broke loose while Dale was still engaged in grinding his cock around within me. Barely in time, I grabbed for the handkerchief and covered my cock with it.

Dale remained inside me until we both had regained our breath. He stared down at me as he held himself upright by the seat rests and I smiled, somewhat timidly, and told him the truth, "That was great... you can have it any time."

Dale looked sheepish then. Immediately he jerked his cock out, grunted at me, and stood outside the car door packing his sex back into the Levi's. He looked as if he weren't sure he should have let me enjoy myself so much. At the same time he looked pleased to know he had a way of getting his rocks off whenever he felt the urge. His face was a curious mixture of forced cynicism, gratitude, and confusion. I almost liked him for a moment. Smiling to myself, I got dressed. I didn't feel particularly good, but at least my sexual needs had been gratified.

I felt somehow stronger inside.

And so by being aggressive I found myself an outlet for sexual release in Dale Benton. Even at the time it seemed strange that of all the boys in Oreville, Arizona, it would be Dale to whom I first turned, with knowledge and understanding of my sexual appetite, for relief and respite. Dale Benton, a boy who had never really been my friend, who had sometimes been my enemy, and whom I would never really know, nor like. It was, to say the least, a perverse relationship we had on a semiregular basis for almost a year, from that night in November of my sophomore year on into the fall of my seventeenth year.

Often in those months I thought wistfully about Danny and of all that we had once been to one another; the pain which spread through me whenever I remembered was so intense that I began to wish Danny and I had never been friends at all. I think he felt it too, for whenever we met at school in the halls he spoke to me almost timidly and with great confusion in his eyes, and frequently he grew uncomfortable after too prolonged a conversation with me, for we ran out of words and he couldn't understand how or why we had grown so far apart. But it was apparent to me that Danny was much too busy—with his steady girl friend, sports, and the swarms of people who sought his attention—to do much pondering on old times and past friendships. I think it just hurt him a little because he was aware of how fast things were changing now that we were growing up, and also—perhaps somewhere deep inside—he realized that as an adult he would never have such a trustworthy friend as he had once known as a child.

But to be totally honest, I probably spent more time thinking and worrying about Dale Benton than I did Danny in that period of my life. For hideous though it sometimes seemed, for all the lack of respect or emotion between us, Dale Benton excited and satisfied me sexually. I clung to the relationship the way a drowning man, unable to swim, will cling in desperate confusion to an object which causes him to sink faster. He could depress me by not phoning or coming by for long periods of time; and he

could thrill me in a way that left me sick at my lack of self-pride by approaching me in, say, the gymnasium during P.E. class and rubbing his crotch in a lewd way, whispering surreptitiously as he passed by me, "Tonight at nine... I'll pick you up."

It was during the summer when Dale first began to change toward me, to lose interest. He also became involved with a girl. He still took me out once or twice a month, but he was more demanding, even more selfish and indifferent to my needs, and by the time school started once more in September, I knew that what I'd had going with him was coming to an end. Reputedly, he had begun to make some progress with his girl friend, although was still unable to get her to go all the way, and he only needed my services upon particularly desperate occasions. Finally, in October, Dale told me himself that he was no longer interested in what I had to offer.

We did not see one another, except at school, until one night shortly after Christmas.

I had spent the first part of the long holiday at home studying, getting ahead with work that would be coming due the next semester. For Christmas my parents had given me my first car, a new Volkswagen, and as the days wore on I began to tire of sitting around the house and took to driving around the streets at night, stopping at the Dairy Queen and talking with the other kids—that was practically the only source of amusement for young people in Oreville. Loafing.

I was driving idly around one night when, as I passed the Dairy Queen, I spotted Dale. He was standing outside his car talking with some kids in another automobile, and he waved at me, motioning for me to pull over.

I pulled into the gravel parking lot and rolled down my window. Dale walked over and leaned inside towards me; his grin was amiable and I found myself glad to see him, no longer angry with him for having ignored me for so long.

I asked about his girl. "Where's Gloria?"

"Grounded," he shrugged. His breath smelled faintly of alcohol. "I kept her out too late last night," he explained, and then he hiccuped and I realized he had been drinking quite a bit.

I found myself at a loss for words.

I sat and stared up at him; his face was very close to mine. His eyes were stripping, penetrating. He lit a cigarette, shielding the match by

cupping his hands around it, and then, exhaling, he leaned even closer through the window and said, “You feel like gettin’ some dick tonight?”

The abruptness unnerved me, but I managed to hold his gaze. “You know how I feel about you,” I said. “It still goes.”

He told me he had to finish talking with his friends and to meet him out on the dirt road in about fifteen minutes. I agreed.

I waited out on the road for almost half an hour. I began to wonder if he had really meant it, to speculate on the degree of his intoxication, and to think that perhaps he was playing some trick on me. He was, I discovered, playing a trick on me—but not the kind I expected.

I was just starting up the engine of my car to leave when a flash of headlights appeared back at the turnoff from the highway. Relieved, I sat back and turned off the motor, waited.

Dale’s old Ford pulled up behind me, blinding me for a moment before the glaring lights were switched off. Through my rearview mirror I saw Dale swing himself out of the car and come bounding towards my right door—and I saw too, not without alarm, the shadows of other heads in the car.

I did not have time to react before Dale had opened the right-hand door and hopped inside with me. He was carrying a pint of whiskey with him. “Sorry I’m late,” he quipped.

“Who are those other people?” I demanded, my hand going automatically back to the ignition key.

Dale’s hand shot out and caught mine. With his palm he bent my fingers back until I heard the knuckles cracking, and when I released my hold he pulled the keys to my car out and dropped them in the pocket of his jacket. Then he stared at me, piercingly, mockingly—and sexily.

“You know ‘em all,” he said. “Nothing to get upset about. It’s just Ted and Hank... and Rusty Carter.”

I froze inside at the names, particularly the last one. Rusty Carter was a senior and a big athlete; he was a leading offensive football player and a big wheel among the seniors—he was also a friend of Danny’s. I hardly even knew him, had seldom paid him any mind, except to note whenever I saw him around that he was a very good-looking guy, in a brawny and totally physical way. As for the others... Hank and Ted were brothers, rancher’s sons. Ted was a sophomore, and Hank was one of my own classmates who

sat across from me in study hall and focused his attention upon girls' asses rather than books. Both the boys had reputations as local hell-raisers. Ted, the younger one, was supposedly even wilder than Hank.

"Well, what about it?" Dale was saying to me.

"What are you trying to do to me?" I said.

"They just wanna be blowed," Dale said. "I thought you might oblige them... a favor for an old friend, huh?" When I did not reply, Dale encouraged a response by adding, "Hell, ol' Rusty told me to tell you he's hung like a horse... thought you might like that." And then he went on, more threateningly: "You got nothin' to lose, man. They know everything about you anyway; you might as well get some good out of it."

That, I decided, was the damned truth.

Within a few minutes Dale and I were outside the Volkswagen, leaning against the side of the car. As if some signal had been given, the doors of Dale's Ford swung open and the boys came lumbering out. They looked a little unsure of themselves, but anxious, as they approached. I looked up at the sky; it was full of stars. The wind was blowing, gusting dust and ragweeds along the gullies of the road, a cool wind but not a cold one. I felt sick and degraded inside; at the same time I felt the stirring of excitement between my legs.

The guys sauntered up, encircling Dale and me. I looked them over, noting the way they averted their eyes from mine. I stared at Ted, who was carrying a bottle, a pint of Southern Comfort. Although younger than Hank, he was much taller, perhaps six-two. He was slim and long-legged, almost no hips whatever. His lanky body looked strong and agile beneath his clothing. He wore a pair of old Levi's, a faded bluejean jacket, and a pair of wrinkled, dusty cowboy boots. His face was attractive in a taut, square-jawed way. His hair blew in long, fine, sandy-colored strands over his forehead and into his eyes.

My scrutiny of his body seemed to unnerve him, for he shifted around a bit on the high heels of his boots, and then he changed, became annoyed by the face that I was making him uneasy. He was the first to speak and he did so in a belligerent voice as he looked me directly in the eye, "Is it true that you eat dick, man?"

I did not speak; I looked down.

He took a swig of the Southern Comfort and then handed the bottle to his brother. Fishing a toothpick from the front pocket of his jacket, he

picked his front teeth a minute, then looked at me once more. "Hey," he said, "I asked you a question."

I suddenly knew that my only way of coming out of this with any pride left was to be as defiant in my way as they were in theirs. "Yeah," I shrugged, "it's true. What of it?"

Rolling the toothpick over to the corner of his lips, Ted jammed his hands in his back pockets and stepped towards me, stood so close to me that, had I moved, the top of my head would have touched his arrogant, jutting chin. "Well, get down there and suck away then," Ted told me.

The tension seemed to evaporate after the words. Rusty Carter chuckled and moved closer up and the stances of the surrounding bodies seemed to loosen and relax. Against the side of the side of the car, I sunk to my knees, kneeling in the dusty road. My face was level with the bluejeaned crotch.

Ted offered no assistance. He continued to stand there looking straight ahead, hands in his back pockets. When I reached for the silver-plated buckle of his belt, he removed his hands from his pockets and folded them across his chest. I undid the belt, then I opened the top button of his Levi's. One by one I undid the buttons. The bluejeans fell down his legs, catching somewhere around the knees. Then I pushed his underwear, which was a little stained, down. His cock bobbed out into my face from a mattress of curly brown hair. His balls were nice, big and well rounded, and I cupped them in the palm of my hand and played with them for a few moments, hoping he would get hard. Sensing what I was doing, Ted responded in a barking, impatient voice, "Just suck on my dick a little... it'll stand up for you."

Obeying, I moved my mouth forward into his crotch. I took the soft cock into my mouth, sucking it as if it were erect, and sure enough it soon began to swell and expand. It was an exciting feeling, a feeling almost of power, to have the cock growing hard while inside my throat. I felt his dick stretch longer and longer until I choked on it and had to move several inches up the shaft. It was as hard as a rock—a good-sized jut of hard meat between my lips. "There you go now," Ted chuckled, chewing on the toothpick and placing his hands over onto the top of the car. "Start suckin', you queer."

Everyone laughed and moved closer, watching curiously as my mouth went rhythmically up and down upon the hard, virile-looking shaft between Ted's legs.

"Well, I'll be goddamned," Rusty Carter snorted, slapping himself on the thigh. "I had to see it to believe it!"

My tongue was flicking moist kisses up and down the cock from base to head. I heard their remarks as if they were about another person, as if they had nothing to do with me.

"Shit, didn't I tell you?" Dale was booming, still swigging down the whiskey. "He's eaten my dick more times than I can count... look at him go!"

Ted was going wild. He grabbed my head with his hands and held it still. He began thrusting his cock in and out of my mouth, too impatient and too horny to stand the slow preliminary movements of my tongue. With my hands I reached around for the backs of his bare thighs, digging my fingers into the tight, stringy muscles, keeping my mouth wide open as he slammed his cock in and out of it.

"Look at that, will you?" Hank chortled. "Go to it, little brother... fuck that mouth like it was a big ol' pussy!"

Ted kept pumping furiously while the others laughed.

"Go on, man," Dale encouraged Ted, slapping him playfully on his naked ass. "Shoot a big wad right in his mouth... that's what he likes... by God, he'll swallow your come and beg you for more!"

I felt the warm meat quivering between each thrust, and I knew that Ted was ready. I clamped down on his cock with my lips again and went back to sucking it, very hard this time, working my mouth muscles all over the engorged dick. Ted groaned and leaned forward over onto the top of the car. He was standing still now, no longer thrusting, standing with his legs spread as wide as the jeans wadded around his knees would allow and submitting himself to my knowledgeable mouth. Within a matter of seconds the hot cream was gushing down my throat; I took it all and did not relinquish the cock until it was jerked roughly from my mouth by the satiated kid.

"Goddamn, what a cocksuckin' sonofabitch," Ted laughed as he freed himself from me and began to pull up his pants.

Immediately there was another body positioned in front of me. Hank was short and stocky, a naturally good body from years of work on his father's ranch. He had a slack-mouthed, pugnacious face that managed to be irritatingly appealing despite its crudity and stupidity. He was wearing a pair of crumpled white Levi's that looked as if they'd been slept in. From the bulge between his legs I knew that he already had a hard-on. My eyes

fastened upon that bulge. Hank wasted no time. He unzipped his fly and reeled out a hard cock. With one large, work-toughened hand he pulled my head forward, opened my mouth with his big thumb, and shoved his cock down my throat. I moved in close against him, grabbing the backs of his thighs, much fleshier than his brother's, and buried my face in his warm crotch. I ran my tongue rapidly over the head of his prick, then down to the hairy root, aware that Hank had tensed his whole body at the thrill of my tongue.

“Wow,” Hank laughed, apparently to Dale, “you’re right... this is great, man!” And then down to me, “Eat my cock, Paul... blow me good, show me how good you are.”

“Man, he’s one hell of a cocksucker, if you ask me,” Ted commented as he came closer to watch, calm and objective now as he sipped the Southern Comfort slowly and worked the toothpick around in his mouth.

Hank seemed willing to spend more time getting his rocks off. He liked the way I worked down on him slowly, pressing in hard with my mouth and then letting up and gliding down an inch to repeat the process, gliding eventually all the way down to the root. I licked and nibbled and slobbered all over the hard column of flesh, taking my time, and Hank made low guttural sounds in his throat and revolved his hips, all the while holding my head tightly against his crotch.

“Looks like he’s really giving a good blowjob this time,” Rusty Carter said.

“Hell,” said Dale, “you ain’t seen anything yet.” He touched my kneeling thigh with the toe of his boot and said, “Suck his balls, man... do him like you do me... show him how that feels.”

Instantly I slithered my mouth back up to the thick tender head, kissed it a few times, and then lowered my mouth deeper between Hank’s legs, seeking out the drooping, hairy balls with my tongue. Hank moaned and spread his legs even wider, shaking his legs so that the jeans fell all the way down around his ankles. When I took his balls into my mouth he went wild. His fingers grasped and clawed at the top of my head, and he moved forward to bury my face completely in his sex. The movement knocked the back of my head against the side of the car and left Hank straddling me in such a way that his legs were actually over my head and my face was up in the crevice between his cock and his ass. Greedily, hungrily, I swallowed his balls and began to work them around on my tongue.

From the look on Hank's face, the others must have been able to tell that he was about ready to shoot. As I continued my mouth action, I heard Rusty asking Dale, "Who's gonna be next, buddy, you or me?"

"Be my guest," Dale said magnanimously. "I get it all the time. I'm in no hurry."

Hank had begun to beat his meat with frenzied handstrokes as I licked and sucked his balls. "I'm gettin' ready to shoot!" he cried hoarsely, and I quickly moved my mouth back onto the head of his cock, pressed down hard with my lips, and worked it up and down swiftly. As he neared the climax, Hank's legs began to tremble, and his knees buckled so that they pressed against either side of my head, squeezing in on my face; he was practically riding my neck when the walls of his cocktrunk swelled out against my aching jaws and the gushing moistness poured into my mouth.

Before Hank had even pulled himself free, Rusty was moving into my face, hands on his zipper. Blue Levi's replaced the white ones; another bulging crotch was before my eyes. I looked up at Rusty Carter. He had a big block-shaped head, short-cut black hair, and a handsome, uncomplicated face. His expansive chest seemed capable of bursting out of the flimsy jersey he wore beneath his football letter jacket. His jeans were tight and freshly ironed, and they clung to his body in an alluring way. The legs stopped, a bit too short, above his bare ankles. He was wearing black loafer shoes and no socks. He smelled clean and good, like bath soap.

Excited more by him than by any of the others, I could not wait for him to open his fly. I reached up to where his big, capable-looking hands were pulling at his zipper, and I took over for him. I tugged down the tight-fitting jeans, and then the underwear. Rusty stood grinning down at me like a proud stud as his big, thick cock flopped out into my face, only half-hard and already larger around than either of those I had just taken on. Delighted, I took the flesh between my hands and began rubbing it with my palms, eager to see it in a state of full tumescence.

Dale laughed. "I think he likes the size of your tool, Rusty."

The comment on his bigness seemed to excite the young athlete, Instantly, the prick expanded into pulsating rigidity. I studied the fine specimen of cock as I caressed it with both hands. It was huge at the base, and for about six inches on upward, then it tapered towards the head, the trunk narrowing smoothly and exquisitely until it came to the cockhead itself—and then it spread out again, huge, red, arrow-pointed.

Opening my mouth, I engulfed the tip of the monster prick, and, at the same time, I reached my hands lovingly around his body. The jersey he wore hung down V-shaped in back, covering his asscheeks. I slid my hands up under it and felt his ass, then his thighs, front and back. His body was bulky, his hips and legs and stomach all enormous with muscles. Encircling each strong thigh with an arm, I pulled him closer in to me as my tongue began to work on the cock. His smell continued to excite me. It was different, a very male odor combined with a faint sweetness that made me wish I could be alone with him in a bed upon soft, clean sheets.

Ted and Hank had gathered on one side of me, leaning against the car and staring down at the action. "Goddamn," Ted whistled appreciatively, "that's one hell of a pecker."

"You're liable to strangle the little bastard on that big bone," Hank laughed.

"Hell, strangle him with it," said Ted. Then he thought of something else. "What you ought to do is fuck 'im in the ass with it... that'd teach him a lesson!"

My heart began to pound wildly at his words. Stimulated to the point of near climax, I swallowed Rusty's meat as far down to the base as I could take it, even though my mouth was sore and aching already. I let one hand drop from his thigh and I played with his balls.

"Fuck him if you want to," Dale was saying to Rusty. "Shit, man, he likes that more than anything."

"Fantastic!" Ted exclaimed, as he kicked the heel of his boot into the sand with excitement. "Do it, Rusty... cornhole him for us! I'd love to see you jam that big cock up the sonofabitch's ass!"

Rusty seemed to take to the idea. He reached down and raised my chin up with his fist. The cock slipped out of my mouth, stabbed against my throat as I looked up into his eyes. "How about it, fag?" he said. "You wanna get dicked?"

"Hell, man," Ted grimaced. "Don't ask 'im... just do it." He took a big swill of the liquor bottle and passed it to his brother. "Just throw him down and shove it up his asshole... if he don't like it, fuck 'im. He's just a rotten little queer to begin with."

"Damn right," Hank sneered. "Shit, man, I'll cram this bottle up his ass if he complains." Ted and Hank laughed, dull, unintelligent laughter, and Ted said that Hank had a good idea anyway.

Rusty looked down at me. Staring up into his broad, handsome, stupid face, I could not help remembering that the teachers at school often gave him better grades than he had earned just to keep him on the football team. It angered me that such a person could now be regarding me with undisguised contempt and loathing. Stirrings of bitterness and hatred surged up with the desire I felt for his crudely attractive body.

“Get up, cocksucker,” Rusty said to me. He reached down with one hand and pulled me to my feet. “You’re gonna git the shit fucked outta you.”

Ted laughed again. “Lean him over the front of the car and stick it to him!” he shouted.

Rusty grabbed me around the waist with his strong, callused hands, holding me as if to make sure I would not escape. Roughly, he propelled me over to the hood of the car. He turned me so that my back was to him, then he reached around my middle and unfastened my pants. The way his big hands felt against my skin as he pulled my clothing down caused goosebumps to break out all over me. He pressed his body against mine. Then he shoved me forward across the front of the car so that my hips were raised conveniently for him. Fat, rough fingers pried the cheeks of my ass open and I reached behind and placed the huge tip of his cock at my asshole. It was going to be painful, I knew, taking a dick this large without any lubricant, but I knew I had to go along with them.

“Get ready for it, you dirty motherfuckin’ queer,” Rusty Carter breathed harshly, “cause I’m gonna split you open.”

Rusty fit his big body against mine and began to apply pressure. I spread myself wider across the hood of the car and elevated my ass higher for him, stretching myself as widely as possible. Still, he had difficulty getting in. So I moved away from the car and bent over almost double, clasping my knees with my hands, presenting Rusty Carter with an easy target. Wrapping his arms around my waist, warming me with the heavy letter jacket, Rusty hunched his body over mine, his big chest covering my back, and he pulled me up against him so forcefully that my feet were almost lifted off the ground as he assaulted my asshole with the big obstinate head of his prick.

And the hard column of meat went grinding painfully, inch by inch, up inside me. I groaned at the tearing entrance of the dry cockhead, but he did

not stop and wait; he shoved it slowly but determinedly straight up inside until the fronts of his thighs met the backs of mine.

“Go to it!” Hank was cheering him on. “Sink it to him, Rusty.”

“Fuck the shit out of him, man,” Ted joined in. “Give him somethin’ to remember!”

Our bodies locked together, Rusty pulled me upright against his chest. I could feel the strength and depth of his chest as he locked his arms under my armpits and up around the back of my neck in a wrestler’s hold and moved me back around to the car. Again he spread me across the hood of the car and hunched over my back; his thick, hairy thighs rubbed up and down against the backs of my legs as he pumped his cock around in my ass. My face was turned sideways on the car hood, one cheek flat against the cold metallic surface, and Rusty’s chin rested against my shoulder so that his face was buried in the side of my head. I could feel his mouth against my ear, smell and hear his breath very closely. There was something almost intimate about our positions, a separation from the others who stood back looking on and making lewd remarks to one another as they passed the bottle around.

“Like it?” Rusty whispered in my ear.

“Yes,” I whispered back in an almost inaudible gasp. “Oh, fuck me, Rusty, fuck me.”

“Oh, you’re asking for it,” Rusty breathed against my neck.

“Give it to me, Rusty,” I whimpered in reply. “Fuck me good.”

The words intensified his urgency. He brought his heavy body up from over mine and stood straight up, his legs planted wide apart and flat on the ground as I continued to lie sprawled across the car. His hands gripped the buns of my ass, holding them wide open so that he and the others could watch the cock thrusting in and out.

And he gave me what I had asked for. He stood there between my outspread legs and pounded himself in and out of me with a furious lust, piledriving, packing me with cock, fucking me the way only Jim Andrews had ever fucked me, with the wildness of a young stallion. His full weight slammed against me with each thrust, banging me against the side of the car, bruising my knees, and sending a rip-roaring ecstasy through me that was so violent that I grabbed hold of my head with both arms and cried out shamelessly to him, “Yes! More... please, fuck me more!”

Rusty's body made a loud slapping sound as it banged against my ass, and he was breathing like a horse.

I heard Hank shriek, "Fuck that big asshole!" and then Ted gave a wild cowboy yell. The excited drunken voices welled up behind me in the night air. Rusty Carter's abandoned, uncontrollable thrusting had excited the others into a state of feverish excitement that was almost alarming, considering the nature of these particular boys and the wild things of which they were capable.

The other boys moved up, laughing, rubbing their crotches. "Hell," Hank said, "let's all fuck 'im. I can go again... I feel another load building up right now!"

The night air was charged with electricity, everyone felt it, things were getting wilder, more hysterical, desperate. I clung to the hood of the car, not knowing what to expect, too excited to care anymore, too turned on to the wild sexual fever which pervaded. I threw my hips higher into the air, giving Rusty even more momentum, and I began to undulate in rhythm to his maddened thrusting.

"Look at the sonofabitch fuck back!" Hank cried. "Look at that... fucking like a bitch in heat!"

"He is a bitch in heat," Ted snarled, his voice growing curiously, ominously flat with hatred and disgust... disgust, I knew, with me.

"Shit," Rusty laughed as he pounded me brutally against the car, "I think he's enjoying it more than I am!"

"Hell, we can't have that," Ted drawled. He walked over to the car, leaning across the hood towards me. With one hand he grabbed my hair and jerked my head up so that my face was even with his. His truculent face was twisted with contempt. His hand pulled my hair until tears formed in my eyes. "Is that right, asshole?" he glowered. "You enjoying yourself?"

I did not answer.

His eyes searched my face. Rusty threw me a particularly furious cockthrust then and I winced and groaned. Ted laughed, somehow vindicated. Still his hand held me by the hair. "You know what I think about you, cocksucker?" he said.

Again I did not respond.

The grip tightened. "Hey," he growled, "I asked you a question. I expect an answer."

"No," I murmured in reply.

“Well, this is what I think,” he said, grinning. And I watched helplessly bound as he rolled around the saliva in his mouth and finally spat virulently into my face. With that, he threw my head back down against the hood of the car, laughing.

“Let’s see if he enjoys this so much,” he said. “Move over, Rusty.”

Rusty, understanding, laughed. I felt his thrusting stop for a moment, felt his legs moving to the right. And then I knew. “No!” I shouted, struggling to free myself from the four arms that held me immobile.

“No... you can’t... God, no... you’ll kill me!”

The laughter welled up behind me. And then I felt Ted’s hard cock pressing into my outspread cheeks, stabbing somewhere alongside Rusty’s already inserted organ. Together they worked with their fingers to stretch the skin of my asshole. Rusty pulled his cock out about halfway, to the place where it narrowed slightly. Ted’s cock was jabbing into the corner of my hole, painfully, stretching and tearing and banging. And then the head entered at a slanted angle, stabbing into my hole and against Rusty’s thick meat. I screamed in agony and flailed against the hood of the car.

“Ready?” Ted said to Rusty.

“Ready,” Rusty laughed.

Together they shoved forward. Both cocks went searing into me. The pain was unbearable. I cried out and begged for them to stop. They paused, locked inside me, and I felt four hairy balls tickling the cheeks of my ass. It was a strange feeling. Inside me, I could feel the cocks individually, Rusty’s in deeper than Ted’s, both of them ripping the skin along the walls of my tunnel.

Then they began to thrust. It was a crazy, exciting, terrible sensation; Rusty’s huge shaft would pull out to the head while Ted thrust his smoothly inside, then vice-versa. Sometimes they would thrust together, their cocks side by side, one massaging the other; probably it felt great for them. To me it was exquisite agony.

But their position was precarious. Rusty, going wild with motion as he neared climax, pulled his cock out too far and, at the last moment, was unable to get back inside. He came unexpectedly just as he was attempting to coordinate a deep inward thrust with Ted; his body jerked spasmodically and he accidentally slipped out before he had finished coming. He shoved his cock back into my crack, but Ted’s prick kept it from re-entering; Rusty

came against me rather than inside me, the hot sperm running down in my crack, bathing Ted's balls and cock, dripping down the backs of my legs.

Ted was furious—blaming it on me. He abruptly pulled his own cock out, spun me around with one hand. With the same hand, he slapped me across the face, hard, bruising, bringing blood at the corner of my mouth. “You shit-eating faggot!” he screamed. He hit me again, still again. Then I veered away, turning my back to him, covering my face with my hands.

Ted grabbed me with both hands, shoved me forward. I stumbled on the clothing wrapped around my ankles. I tripped, fell to my knees on the hard ground. Ted flung his body on my back, forcing me flat onto my stomach in the dust. A small rock scratched the side of my face as Ted savagely ripped the clothing off my body, untangling the jeans and the underwear around my feet and pulling both over my shoes. He threw the clothing aside, back near the car. His cock was still out, and still hard. Pushing his own clothing down farther over his hips, he mounted me. I felt his dick pressing into my moist asshole, then lunging back up inside me. His body covered me, my face was mashed flat in the dirt. And Ted began to fuck me with a rage and a fury so great that it must have been painful even to him. He was between my legs; I could feel the rough Levi's and the boots and his belt buckle scratching and bruising my naked legs.

It did not take him long. I could feel his orgasm approaching. But before it did, Ted pulled himself violently out of me, turned me over on my back so that I was facing him, and moved upon my chest. The western belt buckle was shoved against my chin as he moved upward so that his crotch was directly in my face. Quickly, with his hand, he finished. The white spurting come shot out into my face, intermingling with the dust and the sweat, shooting across my forehead and into my hair. As the cock softened, Ted let it fall down upon my face. With one hand, he ground it against my lips. He was breathing like an animal—not exhausted, not spent, but like an animal after a murder.

“Now then, you cocksucker,” he said quietly, “remember this the next time you beg somebody to eat his dick.”

He rose, pulling me up alongside him. Without even bothering to fix his pants, he dragged me back over to the car and hurled me forward against the hood. Dale was standing there, grinning and waiting. Immediately Dale pulled me up from the hood of the car, jumped on the fender in a sitting position with his pants down around his knees, and pulled my face forward,

down to the hard jut of cock. Breathlessly I buried my face in his crotch, pulling at his familiar, still-desired cock with my hand, giving myself a few moments to regain sufficient energy to go down on him.

“Let’s go!” Dale cried impatiently. “Eat dick, you cocksucker!”

I lowered my mouth onto the shaft, digging with my hands for his balls. Familiarity had made me better with Dale Benton’s cock than with any other and I was ready to give him my best. Licking and kissing, I made my way down to the root of the organ and then began a slow, exploratory journey upward.

I was standing flat on the ground, bending over into Dale’s lap; my buttocks were not only exposed, but elevated. I felt warm hands clutch the cheeks, spreading them. Hank had pulled his cock out of his fly and was standing behind me, preparing to enter. I wiggled my ass against the cock until I had it firmly in the crack, and when I felt the sharp head touch near my asshole, I moved backward very swiftly and definitively, impaling myself upon the tentpole-straight erection. Hank chuckled to himself and moved forward, sending his cock on a smoothly gliding trip down the wide tunnel and sending my body back against the car, my face back to Dale’s hard-on. I took the cock again into my mouth. I pressed my lips tightly around the shaft and began to draw the skin up and down, keeping my mouth in the same place, masturbating the prick with the pressure of my lips, and holding myself steady against Hank’s slamming-whamming assfuck by planting both my hands on Dale’s thighs. As the cock banged me ruthlessly from the rear, I sucked frantically, trying not to scrape Dale’s sex with my teeth, even though Hank was jarring me considerably by his hurried thrusting. It was a sensation unlike anything I’d known before—to have two hard cocks at my disposal at the same time, two cocks filling me, ravaging me, inside me. It was all that mattered in the world during that crazy, frenzied, dizzy sexual marathon I was out of my mind and didn’t care, I only wanted cock and more cock, I wanted it to last forever.

My head bobbed up and down on Dale’s meat, no longer careful, no longer controlled. I sucked him like I had never sucked before as Hank’s hard dick pistoned in and out of my ass and finally erupted in a warm flow of cream that seemed to spurt straight into the pit of my stomach. And as Hank pulled himself slowly and tantalizingly out of my body, Dale began to come, shooting a huge stored-up load deep in my throat. And I continued to suck out the last drop of virility, to suck hungrily and avidly, even though

my entire body was filled with a hatred and a bitterness so powerful that I trembled all over and realized that for the first time in my life I knew and understood the desire to do murder. After this night, I knew, there would be nowhere inside myself to turn for comfort or hope, nothing would be left; all the doors were being closed and I would be left alone with the degradation complete. It had begun a long time ago, it had begun inside me one afternoon as I watched my brother-in-law undress and knew that I should not want what I wanted so desperately and lonesomely and irrevocably. And now the circle was complete, closed. This was the answer —these boys, these crude, stupid, thoughtless, vengeful, beautiful young animals.

But how, from where I started, from that tenderness and urgency with Danny, could I ever have come to this moment?

Dale was pushing me away. He was satisfied. They were all satisfied now. They had used me. They had destroyed me. They were real men.

It didn't take long for the word to get around. Of course I was expecting it, and when it happened it came almost as a relief, for it wasn't as bad as it could have been. Only other boys were informed, no girls, no adults. The very hypocritical code which gave me a disreputable label, ironically, served to protect me in a way.

I was so full of bitterness in those last two years of high school—bitterness for myself as well as for society—that the opinions of the local roughnecks who were my contemporaries in Oreville, Arizona, had little effect on me. I knew that they would no sooner tell their parents or girl friends about me than Jim would ever have told Dorothy. I really wasn't worried, simply bitter and angry.

I learned to be arrogant and quite brazen. I knew that to be sensitive about my sexual proclivities would be disastrous. They would crush me, annihilate what was left of my ego, destroy me in that dog-eat-dog man's world I lived in. Too, I had discovered that being aggressive and brazen often resulted in pleasant surprises.

Bill Malone was one of those surprises—and a very important one.

He was an old high-school friend of Jim. In the past I had heard my brother-in-law speak of him, always admirably and with a twinge of envy for the exciting, free-wheeling life the man lived. Bill Malone was the son of a well-to-do rancher who, after high school, had rebelled against the safe, well-intended plans his parents had made for him, left home, and started riding the rodeos. Everyone, according to Jim, had been dismayed and called Bill a scoundrel, an ingrate, and so on. What nobody had counted on was that Bill, would succeed in his self-determined career and become one of the best-known freelancers of the western rodeo circuit, winning big prize money in places like Laramie and Tulsa and Pecos, getting his picture in newspapers in cities such as Phoenix and Dallas and Albuquerque—and, of course, eventually but inevitably; Oreville.

His picture was in the Oreville paper for about the third time that week when he came back to town for the annual summer rodeo in 1963. It was a

very flattering picture of him, an extremely commercial publicity photo he'd had made in a professional studio somewhere along the line.

He wasn't handsome. I never found him handsome, particularly not from the first fleeting glimpses I had of him from the bleachers of the rodeo arena where I sat between Jim and Dorothy the opening day of the rodeo. And the first time I saw him close, I thought him rather plain, hardly the romantic figure he had been played up to be by the press. I walked with Jim and Dorothy across the dusty, smelly, rodeo grounds to the stockpens where Bill Malone and the other contestants were idling around the Brahma chutes.

When he saw Jim, Bill Malone's face broke into a huge, sincere grin, and they immediately began talking as if they had seen one another only yesterday, although it had been years. Bill had been drinking and his face, which was reddish in complexion from the wind and weather anyway, was flushed and mottled. But even at that first encounter I sensed a certain animal vitality, an unmistakable, old-fashioned charisma about him which made him appealing, if not attractive. He was good-natured, laughed a lot. He told Jim, "Here I am drunk as shit already and it ain't even dark. I'll probably get my stupid ass stomped by that two-ton sonofabitch in that chute there!" But even as he said it, you could tell that he did not believe it. He thought he was invincible, it was written all over his bright, excited face.

And his self-confidence was warranted. He not only did not get his ass stomped, but he also won the first-prize in the Brahma riding contest, the only big event he entered that day.

Early that evening I went with Jim and Dorothy to Bill's trailer on the rodeo grounds. We had a hard time locating it, for it was surrounded by dozens of other trailers just like it, the little homes of convenience for all the nomadic rodeo people, but Bill spotted us through the little window of his kitchen and called out to us.

I sat around and nursed two beers for several hours while Jim and Dorothy rehashed old experiences with Bill Malone. He was very friendly to me, but in the condescending way of the mature to the young, and at first I was bored.

Then a change took place. Suddenly I began to really look at him, and to really see him—all in a strangely impressionistic way. I sat back in a polite silence while the three old pals talked and laughed and drank

together, and I absorbed myself with fragments and mannerisms, textures and tones and isolated details of the stranger-acquaintance.

He was complaining to Jim about there not being any place to go in Oreville, unlike most other towns he'd rodeoed in, Oreville did not have one single honky-tonk, and you even had to drive halfway to Yuma to buy booze. "When's this fuckin' one-horse town ever gonna grow up?" he bellowed in his loud, barrel-chested voice.

It was an exciting voice, a voice which filled the room and controlled it. And I began to realize that his physical presence had that same magnetic quality. Somehow, just by being next to him, you were aware of everything that was wild, free, dangerous, reckless, and untouched by social conventions or securities.

He was neither tall nor short, but closer to being short. His body looked quick and strong underneath the dusty riding clothes. He sat with his legs thrown over the arm of a chair, and I noted that his bluejeans were neither too tight nor too lose, just comfortable, and his slightly sweaty pearl-button western shirt was open down the first three buttons, revealing a thick brush of curly red hair, a little lighter than the wiry, unkempt auburn hair on his head. The hand which wrapped around the can of Schlitz was capable of holding two such cans—never had I seen such enormous hands—knobby, sunburned, hairy-knuckled, with ragged, grimy nails. I remember that for a long time I kept staring at his hands, intrigued. And then my eyes wandered down his legs. He was bow-legged when he walked, but he had a way of sitting with one boot crossed over the other which concealed the condition. I remember also staring at his boots and wondering where he had gotten them—thinking, Mexico probably—and staring at the picture of the cactus and yucca blossom painted on the dark oxblood leather. The colors were almost nondescript from the arena dust.

Oddly, I did not consider his face until last. Unlike the people in my past, it was not Bill Malone's face which struck me as being his essence, the point at which one should begin, the center upon which one should focus, in order to evaluate desirability. Such a simple thing as the way his big fingers tapped the sides of the beer can when he spoke, or the way his hand squashed the empty container, tossed it aside, or the fact that his legs were bowed when he rose and went to the refrigerator for another—all these things were of greater significance than the face. And yet once these other matters had been considered his face became, at close scrutiny, inexplicably

attractive, alluring. It was a broad face, a face of ruddy complexion, hard, square, crinkled under the eyes from too much sun, a craggy, broken-nosed, occasionally scarred face with bushy, sun-bleached brows and—I noted whenever he laughed—a side tooth that had been chipped in a way which made it conspicuous against his other square, even, fine-shaped teeth. His head was so large that it might have seemed too big for his body had it not been for a pair of powerful shoulders and a thick, muscular neck (and incidentally, of all the people I have ever known before or since, Bill Malone had, literally, the reddest neck I've ever seen).

All considered, I suspect the most stimulating impression he left on me, the one which ultimately channeled my interest in him from the curious to the sexual, was the way he moved, the way he looked while moving, the way he made me aware. He would walk directly in front of me on his way to the refrigerator. For a short man, he took enormous strides. And I kept noticing the way his jeans, slung low, draped down in back, drooping a little at the seat of his pants. He was so small-hipped that he did not even fill out the jeans which, in every other way, fit him precisely. He was so bow-legged that, despite his broad, cocky stride, it seemed to take him an unusually long time to cross the small cramped room. As he would pass by me, the heels of his boots clicking against the floor, he left behind a subtle odor of sweat, Old Spice, and leather; the combination was heady, invigorating, and raw.

And somewhere inside I think I knew, even before I left with Jim and Dorothy to go home, what I would do.

Alone at my house, I sat and thought it over, weighed the pros and cons of the idea. My father had some beer in the refrigerator and I drank three or four as I thought. The pros came out ahead. I decided to take the most exciting and the most frightening gamble of my life.

I drove back to the rodeo grounds. It was late, nearly midnight. I worried that he might have left, gone out somewhere or, worse, might not be alone.

As I stepped quietly up to the trailer, I waited and listened a moment. I could hear low music, hillbilly music, and there was a soft light on inside. I heard no voices.

My palms were sweating and my whole hand trembling as I knocked on the door. There was a moment of silence and then a voice—unmistakably

his—called out, “Come in!”

I opened the door, stood framed in the entrance. “Paul?” he said disbelievingly, his eyes looking up at me with curiosity and surprise.

I could not tremble; I had to be sure of myself in his eyes. I jammed my hands in my front pockets, looked him over rather cockily. He was sitting in the same armchair, listening to a record album by Marty Robbins on a cheap portable stereo, still drinking beer. The only difference was that he had stripped himself down to his shorts. His body was splendid, thick with muscles in the chest and arms, solid thighs, not one ounce of excessive flesh—a wiry, compact, well-exercised body. The only thing which surprised me about his physique was his extreme hairiness. He was covered from the collarbones of his chest down to his feet with coarse, curly red hair. There was something primitive and scary about him. It intensified my lust and made me even more determined to go through with it.

The craggy, ugly-handsome face was staring across the room at me, awaiting an explanation. The bulge of his crotch in the underwear was full and weighty, impressive. He held the beer bottle on it with one hand, the other hand dangling between his hard, hairy thighs. One leg was propped up over the arm of the chair.

“What is it?” he said. “Did you forget somethin’ or... what can I do for you?”

“Nothing,” I said, kicking the door shut behind me with one foot. “I was hoping I might be able to do something for you.”

He stared at me, at first a bit incredulously as it began to dawn on him what I might mean. He shuffled uneasily in his chair and took a heavy drag from the unfiltered cigarette he held languidly between two fingers. Then he returned his gaze to my hard-set face; ran his tongue across the front of his teeth thoughtfully, and said, “Such as what?”

I shrugged one shoulder. “I’d like to suck your cock,” I said conversationally.

He rolled onto the side of the bed, leaning up on one elbow, on his side, staring analytically at me. I was still standing at the foot of the bed, fully dressed. The light was still on and the record playing. “Well, hell,” he drawled, rubbing his rough-whiskered chin, “are you just gonna stand there and gawk or what?”

No longer able to maintain my self-assured facade, I shifted nervously, looked away. “I... do you want me to take my clothes off or what?” I asked.

"Shit, don't ask me," Bill Malone snorted. "However you do it, kid... I don't know. You're the cocksucker, not me."

As I took my clothes off I tried to make light conversation to steady my nerves. "Have you ever been with another guy before?" I asked him.

Bill shrugged. "You meet all kinds in my profession," he said. "I've had my dick in just about everything there is to put one in. Includin' a few mouths. How old are you, kid?"

"Eighteen," I said.

He whistled. "Startin' out pretty young, ain't you?"

Naked, I got onto the bed with him. I turned to face him, ran one hand across the wide, hairy chest, feeling out the tight, sinewy muscles beneath. "I started out a long time ago," I said.

Bill Malone grinned, his eyes following the movements of my hand. It was a crooked, crazy-wild, dangerous grin. He was the first man I was ever truly afraid of. "Well, that's good to know," he said, reaching forward with one hand, taking a powerful, pulling grip on my hair. "Least I won't have to worry about damagin' you none." The pressure of his hand on my head grew even tighter, slightly painful. "I always liked it kinda rough," he said, and his voice was quiet, steely, ominous.

A terrible, frightening, overwhelming lust was welling up inside me, making my heart pound furiously against my breast, bringing perspiration. It was an intoxicating lust, not unlike the smell of the man beside me on the bed. I moved against him, my face upon his chest. I licked the coarse hair, the beads of sweat on their curling tips, and the leather-smelling flesh.

My hands moved downward; I squeezed his sex in his underwear. Bill, still leaning up on his elbow watching me, still grinning, said in a cool, quietly threatening voice, the grin never leaving his face, "I haven't said you could do that yet."

Our eyes met; I trembled beneath his glacial stare.

I moved my hands back to his chest, to his ribcage, searching, exploring tentatively. I pressed my body against his and my arms went around his hard, muscular, knob-boned shoulders; there were small tufts of hair even on his shoulders and back. I pressed my face into the deep crevice which divided the sections of his torso.

"Treat me rough," I heard myself whispering. "I want to be your bitch tonight... treat me like a bitch... that's all I want from you... I don't even like you, you're just a cock to me..."

A fierce scowl caused his face to redden all the more; with his huge hands he gripped my bare shoulders and he pushed me roughly onto my back, across the bed. Straddling me, he moved up over my chest until his knees were planted on either side of my shoulders. He pushed down his underwear; his cock bobbed out into my face, semi-erect, the balls resting against my chin.

His eyes glared down into mine, cruel, unyielding. Terrified, I watched as he raised one hand and brought it cracking down against the side of my face. My arms were pinned beneath his solid thighs so that I was unable to protect myself. Wincing, I twisted my head in a desperate attempt to thwart the blow. The sharp sting of his hand was more of a shock than anything; I did not really feel the pain until afterward. The same hand grabbed my head once again and pulled me forward into his sex. His cock had now expanded to a size of alarming dimensions. "All right," he said quietly, "eat me, you faggot."

I managed to work my arms out from underneath his body and I took his prick into my hands, rubbing it up and down all over between my palms. Then I opened my mouth to engulf the cockhead while my hands wandered down to the huge, rounded balls swaying against my throat.

It was a terrible, chilling, magnificent feeling being underneath Bill Malone's body, groveling and slobbering upon the virility of his cock. It was a dark feeling, like death, and simultaneously the most all-consuming sensation I had ever known. His cock excited me like none of the others, ever. It was a splendid organ, deserving of the worship my mouth bestowed upon it. In erection it stuck out perfectly straight, evenly rounded. It reminded me of a miniature cannon. His cock was only a little longer than average, perhaps eight or nine inches, but it swelled out to a width of extraordinary proportions, wider around than even Jim's, and the awesome thickness remained consistent from the root to the whorling skin of the uncircumcised head.

My jaws ached as I attempted to encompass the hard column of his cock; I moved my mouth down about halfway on it and choked, so I worked my lips back up, pressing in tightly all the way to the head. I took the enormous prick from my mouth and held it across my face, kissing its underside all the way to the root, my tongue working wildly, attempting to bring him the greatest pleasure I had ever given to a man. My face was tickled by profuse hair even before I reached the base of the cock—the

same reddish-brown hair which covered Bill Malone's chest encircled the whole of his crotch like a great brush. Some of the hair even grew out onto the trunk of his cock; it was like silk against my tongue, and I licked avidly, leaving no single spot on the vast organ untouched by my tongue.

It excited him—even though he did not show it on his face—and as I explored with my mouth, moving on downward to the huge weighty balls, Bill took his cock in his hand and began to jerk it up and down. He rose up on his knees so that my head could go lower. "Suck 'em," he grunted, "suck my balls." I could only take one at a time into my mouth; as I alternated between them Bill continued pulling on his prick, faster and harder, and with each stroke, each time he brought his hand upward, his fist and the head of his cock struck against my chin.

And that was how he came the first time—beating himself against my face until the great trunk of his cock began to throb and convulse in his hand. He shoved his dick down my throat right at the last moment so that the hot sperm came gushing out into my mouth.

I felt his body stirring, he moved his head. He had fallen asleep on top of me, his underwear kicked off, somewhere down toward the foot of the bed. I had lain awake, crushed by his powerful body, my chin resting on the hard, strong shoulder. I was not thinking—if anything, I was trying not to think. I was simply drifting in a place removed from time or space, letting myself feel him, smell him, live at the mercy of his strength. Somewhere inside I was cognizant of the fact that I hated him.

His eyes opened. He raised himself up on his elbows and looked down at me. "I see you didn't leave while you had the chance," he grinned, yawning. He was grinning in that crazy-dangerous, sexy way. "Wantin' more?" he asked me.

I slid my arms around his thick, bullish neck and pressed my groin upward into his; His fist-sized balls tickled my thighs. I opened my legs wider so that he was lying between them. I moved my cheek against his scratchy face, up to his ear; and licked the inside with my hot, moist tongue.

Bill chuckled. His gaze lingered on my face for a moment, then he said, "You want me to butt-fuck you? Every queer I've ever known always wanted to get his ass fucked. That what you want, too?"

My body melted into his, seemed to become a part of him. I felt his cock moving up in the crevice of my buttocks, hardening, swelling back

into its cannon shape. My clinging body gave him his answer.

He went into the little bathroom and got a jar of Vaseline. When he returned he lay back on the bed, handed me the bottle, and I moved across his body, applying the lubricant to his rigid cock with subservient tenderness. And then Bill swept me beneath him once more, spreading my legs back over my head with his hands. Feeling dizzy, lost, I looked up at the strong, thick, hair-covered body that was mounting me. I locked my legs around his neck and placed the head of his cock in position. Hunching over me, Bill pressed forward. The hard flesh pushed its way through, lodged itself securely, and then began the long journey up into me.

And this time, madly, terribly, only the ecstasy—not the pain—was unbearable. I wiggled my ass toward him as he moved in, and I clawed at the hairs of his chest. I heard my voice, faraway, as if it belonged to somebody else, gasping, “Give it to me, Bill... This is what I really like... deeper... more, oh, God, there... there!”

I felt his balls against my hips, felt his cock deep inside, home. I could even feel some of the coarse, curly hair up inside me.

Bill looked down at me, grinning. “Shit,” he said, “you must get one every night.”

My hands went around his back, dug into his slim, firm ass, pulled him so hard against me that I could not breathe. Bill’s hands were massaging the cheeks of my ass, relaxing, tantalizing. “I wish I had yours every night,” I said. “Come on, do it... fuck me, you bastard!”

Bill chuckled to himself, detached and aloof, his iron-hard cock the only evidence of his arousal. His fingers were beginning to dig painfully into the flesh of my ass. “Hell,” he said, “you don’t need a man... what you need is one of them goddamn Brahma bulls out there in the pens.” The crooked grin twisted one side of his face up arrogantly, contemptuously. “How many times you been dicked, anyway?” he asked.

My hands were moving up and down his back, clawing, desperate. “Plenty,” I moaned. “A lot of horny boys... but damned few men. None like you... Come on, give it to me... please.”

Bill began to move inside me then. He revolved his hips and worked the prick around in a circular pattern, moving it just enough to tantalize me, to make me want to feel it even more. I was shaking and trembling all over. Bill grinned when he saw that he was driving me crazy with his cock.

Then he moved onto his knees between my legs. His hands bent my legs back towards the headboard of the bed once more. I grabbed his balls and looked down, my eyes fastened upon the place where our bodies were joined together. My cock was pulsating against my stomach, near climax already. I stared, as gradually the thick beautiful trunk of Bill Malone's cock came gliding out of me—I felt it with one hand—until only the tip of the head was still inside.

With a furious, violent lunge, Bill shoved the cock straight back into my innermost depths; he did it so suddenly that my hand, clutching the trunk, was slammed against my ass and mashed into his balls. I reached upward, straining towards the broad chest as he continued to thrust, the cock pistonning in and out of my ass, withdrawing to the head and then slamming all the way home with each gyration.

His big, block-shaped head shook back and forth with the rage of his movements. Sweat streamed down his chest and was flung upon my face. Brutally, mercilessly, the cock pounded into my tunnel, driving into me with all the fury I had elicited from his powerful, animal-like body. "Take that... and that... and that!" he grunted each time he drove the engorged shaft to the hilt.

"Goddamn you!" I cried out, my voice harsh and choking, my hands flailing wildly at his chest. "Stop... please... you're killing me, you bastard!" But I knew that Bill Malone knew I did not really want him to stop. "You're like a fucking bull... an animal!" I shouted at him.

He flung himself forward over on top of me then, crushing me with the fall, spreadeagling my arms with his across the bed. His cock slipped out with the change of position. With one hand he quickly reached down and stuck it back into place and then shoved it brutally back up inside my ass. His face was against mine again, and my legs clasped around his neck. He immediately resumed the furious rhythm of his thrusting. His breath, smelling of cigars and beer, was hot on my face. "You cocksuckin' bitch," he hissed throatily, "by the time I get finished with you it'll take a fuckin' telephone pole to satisfy you again!"

I freed one of my arms and with my hand I clawed up his face, bringing blood. He grabbed my hair again and yanked my head back so tightly that tears ran down my cheeks and I gave in to him, let him spread my arm back and hold me helpless once more. He chuckled at my attempted struggle.

“You little faggot,” he said, “just lay still and take cock... that’s all you’re fit for.”

With a final thrust so brutal it shook my whole body and made the bed rock as if it were falling apart, I felt the hot load of cream spurting up inside me. And even then I knew he was not yet finished with me, knew that he was only beginning. He did not withdraw, nor did he go completely soft. He allowed my legs to drop from around his neck and our bodies relaxed. He leaned up, his elbows planted in push-up fashion on either side of my head, his face inches away from mine. He grinned smugly. My feet trailed down his back and finally locked somewhere down around his taut hips.

“You’re a pretty good fuck for an eighteen-year-old,” he said. “Musta been around quite a bit.”

“Not really,” I said.

“Bullshit. You got an asshole like the cunt on a Mexican whore. Who’s been fuckin’ you around here, anyway?”

“Boys from school.”

“You ever been gang-banged?” he asked then, his eyes glittering with mockery and amusement.

I felt the need, the inexplicable and devastating urge, to help him humiliate me, to lower myself in his esteem. “Yes,” I told him. “A bunch of boys from the high school took me out one night and fucked me half to death. They were shitkickers like yourself.”

Bill Malone chuckled deep in his throat. “And you loved it, didn’t you?” he said.

“Yes.”

“Has ol’ Jim ever given you any?”

“What’s it to you?” I said.

“Just wonderin’. Bet he has... hasn’t he? Hell, I know he’s got the biggest fuckin’ cock in the county... I used to play football with him, you know. He was a wild-assed sonofabitch too, I know that. Fucked anything that moved. Hell, I can remember once... there was this little sissy in one of our P.E. classes. Real little pussy. Didn’t even have the guts to admit it. He was always hanging around Jim in the shower, starin’ at him, you know. Probably just like you do. Once me and Jim picked him up in the car when he was walkin’ home from school... took him out and fucked him, both of us. Liked to have killed him.” He laughed, almost fondly. “But he liked it. He was always hangin’ around, trying to get more. I think Jim made him

suck him off a few times. You ever suck Jim off? I bet you have... you're just bitch enough to let your own sister's husband stick his prick in your mouth." He punctuated his contempt by a sudden painful thrust of his now-hardened cock. "Tell me about it," he said.

"Nothing to tell. I went hunting with Jim once and he... well, he fucked me a few times."

"Hell," Bill Malone laughed, "no wonder your ass is so fucked out already."

"You aren't helping it any, yourself," I said.

"You like it though, bitch. I know your kind. The bigger the cock you can get rammed up you, the more you like it."

I reached up and touched the thick hairs of his chest. "It helps," I said, "when the man attached to the big cock has a few other things going for him... like a body such as you have."

He sneered. "But I'm crude, remember? I'm an animal... wasn't that what you said?"

My body flowed upward to meet his; the heavy chest crushed down upon mine, the cock throbbed somewhere deep up inside me.

"Ready for more, bitch?"

I squirmed, letting my body answer him.

"Get your fuckin' legs back up around my neck." I obeyed; he grinned. "Hang on," he said, beginning to pump his fat, turgid cock around inside me, "because I'm gonna ride you like a motherfuckin' bull!"

His hips rose high in the air, the cock glided out to the very tip of the head. The ensuing plunge elicited a scream of terrible passion from me. Bill laughed and continued, pumping me brutally for the second time, his hands pulling my hair and working against my throat as if he were considering strangling me. My body was racked and mutilated and sore; still I clung to him, smelled his sweat and his beer-cigar breath, and begged him to go on.

"Likin' it, baby?" he leered.

I clawed at the matted red-gold hair on his deep chest. "More!" I cried. "Give it to me... oh, there... yes... deeper! There... there... fuck me, Bill, fuck me, you goddamned bull!"

"Oh, you cocksuckin' bitch," he groaned as he pounded me all over the bed.

With one hand I began to jerk myself off, frantically working my cock up and down against his hard, muscular belly. And as if with deliberate,

ultimate spite, Bill Malone came with a flood inside me before I had finished. He jammed his big cock up in me until I thought I felt it in my stomach, the warm semen flowing in an even, steady trickle. He pulled the cock out before he was finished coming so that it ran all over me, and he laughed, looking at my frenetic handwork.

With his great hairy arms he pulled me from the bed, threw me onto the floor. I was too excited, I was almost there, straining toward that delectable peak of ecstasy—I could not stop. On my back on the floor of the house-trailer, my body writhing with lust, I continued to beat my meat, gasping, almost sobbing, my eyes glued to the beautiful body which now stood, legs planted wide apart, towering above me.

Bill Malone took his limp cock between two fingers as he stepped forward so that his feet were planted on either side of my hips. And even as I realized what he was going to do, even at that last moment when I perhaps could have rolled away and saved myself from that last humiliation, I did not. I lay there of my own will, acquiescent and knowing, struggling toward the most heated and violent climax of my life... And I watched with open eyes as Bill Malone stood over me, his smile reflecting all the savage contempt of his ruthless life style, watching as the thin trickle of piss came spurting from the mammoth swollen head of his oversized cock, spraying down across my body, slapping against my stomach and onto my hand and my sex, running down my thighs. With a cry of desperate abandon, I felt the come shooting out against my hand and heard Bill Malone's wild rebel laughter echoing through the room...

For three days, every night that he was in town, I went to his trailer late at night. And on that last night, the night the rodeo closed, I went to him as if hypnotized, went to him mechanically, thoughtlessly, without feeling... and I endured the most unwanted embrace I had ever known, an embrace that was even more painful and terrifying and sickening than the insatiable lust which overcame me at the touch of his rough hands.

I was glad to see him leave town. I had never truly known the burden of shame until Bill Malone; I had not realized that for years an animal had been growing inside me, that it lurked beneath the surface of my skin. My world had become a place of ugliness and terror.

Several days later Dale Benton called me on the phone. He asked if I'd like to meet him downtown in front of the poolhall, go for a ride. I hung up

before he had finished talking.

There had been one brief confrontation with Danny back in the winter of my junior year, shortly after the experience with Dale and his buddies, back when the gossip about me had just begun to spread. It was a painful moment—we ran into one another at a New Year's Eve party at a girl's house. He walked up beside me as I was on my way down the deserted hall to the rest room, our eyes met and then averted, and he touched my shoulder with his hand and said, "I know about it. I'm sorry." That was all—I was unable to speak to him—and we merely nodded at one another when we passed at school from then on.

The last time I talked with him was in August of 1964, right before I left Oreville for college up in northern Arizona. I ran into him downtown on Main Street out on the windy sidewalk and he came and got inside my car with me, talked a few minutes. It was strained, awkward. Danny was engaged to his local girl friend, and he was leaving in September to go to school in Phoenix on a football scholarship. He seemed very complacent—and happy, in his simple, good-humored way.

We sat in the sweltering heat of the little Volkswagen, the windows rolled down to admit the hot wind, both of us staring out the windshield at the dilapidated Street, the gusting whirlwinds which assaulted the false fronts of the ugly old businesses, the erratic tumbleweeds, the dust. It was easier than looking at one another. I think we both sensed that it was the last time we would be together.

And as he finally got out of the car to leave for the farm, Danny looked me directly in the eye. His tan eyes searched my face for a moment, then he said to me, "It wasn't my fault, was it, Paul?"

At first I looked down, then I found the courage to meet his eyes. "No," I said. "Of course not."

He stared at me for a long time in silence. Then he smiled, a nice smile. "See ya," he said.

"See ya," I said.

I learned many things about myself and about the world and the people in it during those years away at school. I became caught up in a world of strangers, people who had seldom heard of Oreville, people who liked or disliked me for what I was in relation to themselves and not for what I had been in that other place.

It was a mellow time, days and nights spent reading and studying, a time of discovering new ways and ideas, and a time of fun, of drinking in cafes with impressive fledgling intellectuals and bright-eyed idealists; it was a time of politics and music and literature. We talked a lot and explored one another's minds and played tennis and drank beer and predicted a radical change in the consciousness of the American people within our lifetime, and we puzzled over what we were going to be caught up in within our own decade.

And there was Christopher, my sophomore year. I met him in a dark, candle-lighted pizza cafe one night in October; we sat in a crowd and faced one another over the knife-carved, beer-splattered wooden table, and through all the talking and drinking our eyes kept meeting. I was stunned to realize that he was attracted to me, but did not know how to express it.

It was almost as strange and unique for me as it was for him. I had not really considered the possibility that I would meet another male who would be attracted to me; it was alien to everything I had experienced. I had assumed that my sexual identity marked me as a person who at the most would be used to satiate the sexual drives of "normal" men. It was both exciting and intriguing to learn that Christopher did not think in terms of "normal" or "abnormal"; the concept was lost on him. He was simply exploring his emotions, searching for the truths which might or might not lie behind what he called the "facade of reality"—the commonplace existence he had known in his small mountain town near Flagstaff—and, looking, he accidentally found me. We did not have long, but we were good together, good for one another.

We moved toward one another slowly, uncertainly. He was a quiet person, a little shy. That first night I learned very little—he was a Dylan fan, he had dropped out of school and was working in a bookshop on the campus square, he was one year older than I. He told me to drop in the bookshop sometime and see him. I was reluctant for some reason. His shyness and my own abstinence from sex since leaving Oreville produced an effect of selfconsciousness in me. But one day after classes I found

myself on the little tree-lined boulevard and I turned into the doorway of the bookshop. We faced one another over the counter—he was idle, waiting for the ten minutes before closing time to pass. Under the harsh glare of the overhead lights he was very handsome and intense. He was about my height, muscular in a natural sort of way, and I kept noticing how his body did not seem to belong in the neat, stylish clothes he wore, the starched, high-collared shirt, the necktie. He had a large fine head and he wore his hair rather long; it pushed over the collar of his shirt in back and tumbled across his forehead in wiry brown strands of uneven length. His wide, sensual mouth curled downward very subtly at the corners—often it made him look sad when he insisted he wasn't.

We walked together that afternoon, that was all, simply walked. The sky was the rich azure of a southwestern autumn and the streets which ran through the little student village were hot in the sunshine, cool in the shadows. As we turned a corner once, very briefly and accidentally, the backs of our hands brushed together and I saw that he was aware of it, aware that we had touched, and because of the vague anxiety which grew between us over the trite incident, I knew that we would sleep together soon. But we did not speak of it then. I sensed his fear and his total lack of experience, and I understood his awkwardness at being unable to fall back on the naturally cultivated aggressiveness he was accustomed to utilizing in his pursuit of girls. He was up against something that confused him and he wanted me to take the initiative.

We were together almost every day that October, moving closer and closer to the inevitable moment when we would know for sure what the other wanted; each day became more exciting, more intense, more alarming. Perhaps it had something to do with the season. It was a desperate season, each day a fresh reminder that the mountain winter was encroaching. The elm and the oak trees trembled in the chilly breeze, their soft, precariously clinging leaves tarnished in hues of red and orange and yellow so vivid in the brilliant sunlight that you could not help but remember they were soon to disintegrate; delicately they awaited destruction between the stern, invulnerable pines and firs. It was Christopher's country, and his season. It was everything he knew and he was in love with that land; he spoke with great passion about the winter and ski slopes and secluded mountain hamlets he had discovered.

Of himself and the things inside, he said very little, at least not with words. He said the most with his eyes, with abruptly sagacious glances, with perception into my emotions reflected spontaneously and undisguisedly in his wide, lucid, heavy-browed hazel eyes. I remember his eyes more than anything else about him—they were mirrors into the turmoil inside him and into the paradoxical willingness, the eagerness, to come to grips with his need to press his body against mine; his eyes said everything he knew and most of what he felt.

And I think it was because I could not see his eyes that our first experience in lovemaking was somewhat disappointing and awkward for us both. It was very dark and only the feel of his warm body was in the room—a body that was stiff, uncertain what it should do. I could not see into him, I did not know if I were bringing him pleasure or pain or both. I did not know, after he had pulled himself out of me and rolled onto his back, taking my head upon his shoulder, whether he felt regret or satisfaction. It was not until the following morning that I knew we were going to be together. I awoke to find him staring down at me, his eyes mischievous, lively, full of a sense of discovery, and we found one another as desirable in the unromantic light of morning in his old roominghouse apartment. as we had in the thick, breathless darkness of the night before.

He leaned over me, his hair falling down into his eyes, and I reached up, ran my hand across his shoulder, down one arm, tracing the outline of a thick blue vein which meandered down the white, bulging bicep. He smiled, his full, downturned mouth curling up almost imperceptibly. “It’ll be better once we get used to one another, don’t you think?” he said. He was talking about the sex the night before—when he bent down and pressed his heavy mouth against mine, I held to him and I knew that the sex wasn’t all that important anyway. What was important was this: Christopher was scared inside and I was going to be strong for him. He could only take the strong, dominant position in bed, but when the orgasms were over, when we were lying against one another and remembering the outside world, it was I who would have to be the leader. I was glad that he would never know the world I had known in Oreville—that would have been a crime. Chris was always a little shocked to discover that people existed who did not feel-kindness and friendship for those with whom they made love, and it it would have hurt him inside to know that he had hurt another person. In many ways he was pure.

I cannot actually say that we had a love affair. It was too brief, too hurried, too uncertain. We were working toward a love affair, I believe, even though we knew it was impossible, for shortly after our first night together he got his draft papers and he had to be in San Diego, California, early in December. We did not discuss his going away; we put off thinking about it. But always, in every move, every conversation, every time we made love, there was a palpable, quietly desperate urgency beneath the surface. We blurred out things abruptly about ourselves, things we would have preferred to build toward, to prove by actions rather than by words. And often we made love more times in a single night than either of us really wanted to.

Through Christopher I came to see Oreville and what I had done there from a new perspective. Lying against his warm and pliant body through those cold mountain nights, I often drifted off to sleep reliving a hazy, time-clouded memory. I realized that all that time, through one senseless, degrading encounter after another, I had been seeking to recapture something as lost and hopeless as innocence, something which may not have ever existed except in my mind... a hero at a swimming pool, and a sweet-smelling summer night with another innocent so close to me he could have been my twin, the magic of awakening—through Danny—to the sexual world... that brief, rapidly fleeting time between awakening and understanding.

I do not remember loving Christopher, so perhaps I didn't, perhaps we were only friends. Probably, for there was so little time. But being with him made me aware of the possibility of love.

And if I did love him it was for this reason, and because of this: once, seeing him from the ice-glazed window of my gray winter-afternoon dormitory room, just watching him in his wool overcoat running through the sleet across the campus green, running not from the cold, which he loved, but because he knew I was there and we had a few hours before my roommate returned in which we could lock the door and make love and explore one another's faces with our hands and our eyes. I saw him running haphazardly down the slippery sidewalk, swaying and stumbling and losing his balance, once even falling into the snowbank, simply because he was too excited to be with me to wait for nightfall.

I have often wondered what Christopher and I would have been like together had we met later, perhaps the following spring or summer.

I'm not sure where he is now—the last card I got from him, after he got out of the Army, was mailed from Oregon and said he was on his way to Seattle. It doesn't matter that much, the fact that we've lost contact, for we wouldn't know one another very well anymore if we did meet again. But I know that wherever he is and whatever he is doing, he remembers the excitement which was once between us, what we were to each other.

And I have had lovers.